

Poetry

ORIGINAL & SELECTED



Drawn by G. Kneller

Engraved by R. Smith

GLASGOW

Printed for and sold by Rusk & Reid.



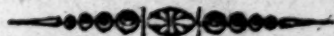
POETRY;

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.



*That BARD the Muse's laurel justly shares,
A POET be, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire;
Who with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul:
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.*

ARMSTRONG.



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IN presenting to the Public a fourth Volume of POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, the Editors feel themselves called upon to express their obligations to those who have contributed to the aid of the design, and particularly to the author of WILL and JEAN, who was pleased to express his approbation of the plan, and allowed the Publishers to add to their Collection, several of his small pieces, which they are sensible enhance the merit of the Volume. /

THE four Volumes already published, contain no less than TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE different Poems. It is hoped, that in such a variety, something agreeable to the taste of every Reader may be found.

THE Editors will continue to follow the plan THEY FIRST ADOPTED, of publishing occasionally such small pieces of Poetry, as may be deemed worthy of public notice; and they respectfully solicit from their Friends, the communication of any Poems, Songs, &c. which they may consider as meriting preservation.

THE small selections of Eight Pages remain on sale singly, at ONE PENNY each, and any of the Volumes may be had separately, at TWO SHILLINGS, sewed.

5.

The first edition of "The Book of the Courtier" was published in 1528, and the second in 1534. The first edition was published in London, and the second in Rome. The first edition was published by Thomas Vautour, and the second by the same publisher. The first edition was published in 1528, and the second in 1534. The first edition was published in London, and the second in Rome. The first edition was published by Thomas Vautour, and the second by the same publisher.

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AN ADVICE
FROM AN
OLD LOVER TO A YOUNG WIFE
ON
HER MARRIAGE.

—●—
BY THE
AUTHOR OF WILL AND JEAN.

—●—
To which are added,
V E R S E S
WRITTEN BY
MAJOR MORDAUNT,
DURING THE LATE GERMAN WAR.

—●—
" *Lastly, Eliza, let me say,*
" *That wives should rather yield than sway.*
" *To thwart a husband's fix'd opinion,*
" *Is not the way to gain dominion ;*
" *For kisses order, tears reprove,*
" *And teach us rev'rence, fear and love.—*



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AN ADVICE
FROM AN
OLD LOVER TO A YOUNG WIFE
ON
HER MARRIAGE.



YOU'RE now, Eliza, fix'd for life,
In other words, you're now a *wife*,
And let me whisper in your ear,
A wife, tho' fix'd, has cause to fear;
For much she risks, and much she loses,
If an improper road she chuses.
Yet think not that I mean to fright you;
My plan, *au contraire*, 's to delight you,
To draw the lines where comfort reaches,
Where folly flies, and prudence teaches;
In short, Eliza, to prevent you
From nameless ills that may torment you;
And ere bright Hymen's torch burns faintly,
From nuptial glare conduct you gently,
Where (cur'd of wounds from Cupid's quiver),
A milder lustre beams—FOR EVER.

First then, Eliza, change your carriage,
Courtship's a different thing from marriage;
And much I fear (by passion blinded),
This change at first is seldom minded.

Maids prais'd and flatter'd all their lives,
 Expect as much when they are wives,
 And think, when husbands cease palav'ring,
 That love (sweet soul!) is surely wav'ring.
 Then hey for pets, and cold distrust,
 Doubt's sullen brow, and dreams accurst:—
 The game goes on, Ma'am's in the dumps,
 And JEALOUSY at last is trumps.
 For thee, sweet flower! of softest dye,
 That caught so late each vagrant eye!—
 Still opening charms, still blooming gay!
 Beauteous in Winter as in May,
 For thee, this truth the muse has penn'd,
 (The Muse, but more thy anxious friend;) *Woman's bright charms were given to lure us;—*
They catch 'tis true, but can't secure us.

Sage Solomon, who paints with beauty
 A virtuous woman's worth and duty,
 Compares her to a ship of trade,
 Who brings from far his daily bread *.
 This *may* be true, but as for me,
 I'll draw a closer simile,
 And call a virtuous wife a *gem*,
 Which for its worth we ne'er condemn,
 Tho' soon its water size and hue,
 Grow quite familiar to the view.
 What then ensues?—Why faith I'll tell you,
 We think of nothing but the — *value*.
 Yet take this gem and lay it by
 From the possessors careless eye;

* She is like the merchant ships, she bringeth her food from
 afar. PROV. XXXI. 14.

Prevent its lustre dazzling bright
 From beaming *daily* on his sight,
 I'll take you any bet at pleasure
 Whene'er he views this tempting treasure,
 With eager bliss and sparkling eyes,
 He'll mark each new-born charm arise,
 And with the joys of first possession
 Admire and *rave sans* intermission.

If women, therefore, would be wise
 Instead of murmurs, tears and sighs,
 And sullen moods, and scolding frays,
 When *lovie's* absent for some days,
 Let ev'ry female art conspire
 To drive him from the parlour fire.
 Of all the plagues in married life,
 To tease or to torment a wife,
 There's none more likely to increase
 The bane of matrimonial peace,
 Than the tame husband always by
 With prying and suspicious eye.
 Mark then when **** goes to town
 Smile thou when other wives would frown.
 He only goes (nay, don't be angry)
 To take a walk to make him hungry;
 To taste, a while unknown to care,
 And change of object and of air;
 Observe the *pert*, the *bold*, the *witty*,
 How different from his own sweet Betty!
 Return impatient to his home,
 No husband, but a fond *bridegroom*.

Lastly, Eliza, let me say,
 That wives should rather *yield* than *sway*.

To thwart a husband's fix'd opinion,
 Is not the way to gain dominion ;
 For *kisses* order, *tears* reprove*,
 And teach *us* rev'rence, fear and love.—
 O! born to soothe and guide the heart,
 With native softness void of art!
 Thou, whom no pride nor fashion sways,
 Unchang'd by flatt'ry's giddy praise :
 And thou to whom a trem'lous youth
 First spoke the tale of love and truth ;
 Blinding with passion's fond alarms
 The bright'ning beam of Virtue's charms.
 Ah ! lend not *now* a careless ear,
 Yet, yet, attend to *truth* sincere.——
 These lines at least with smiles receive,
 The last, perhaps, thy bard shall give.

While PLEASURE spreads her gaudy train,
 To lure the trifling and the vain ;
 While SLOTH prolongs the lingering day,
 And sighs for concert, cards or play ;
 Be thine, Eliza, more refin'd,
 The pleasure of the virtuous mind,
 Be thine the transports of the heart,
 Which *love* and *goodness* still impart,
 The tender glance, the tranquil smile,
 A husband's sorrows to beguile ;
 The blush of joy divinely meek,
 That paints a mother's glowing cheek ;
 The balm that friendship still bestows,
 The tear that drops for human woes.

* *Leurs ordres sont des caresses, leurs menaces sont des pleurs.*
 —Rouffeau.

These, these, Eliza ! light the way,
 And cheer when other charms decay ;
 Conduct thro' care and worldly gloom,
 And whisper joys—beyond the tomb !

1775.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN BY

MAJOR MORDAUNT,

DURING THE LAST GERMAN WAR.

I.

Go, lovely boy* ! to yonder tow'r,
 The fane of Janus, ruthless King !
 And shut, O ! shut the brazen door,
 And here the keys in triumph bring.

II.

Full many a tender heart hath bled,
 Its joys in Belgia's soil entomb'd :
 Which thou to Hymen's smiling bed,
 And length of sweetest hours had doom'd.

III.

Oh glory ! you to ruin owe
 The fairest plume the hero wears :
 Raise the bright helmet from his brow ;
 You'll mock beneath the manly tears.

* *Cupid.*

IV.

Who does not burn to place the crown
Of conquest on his Albion's head?
Who weeps not at her plaintive moan,
To give her hapless orphans bread!

V.

Forgive, ye brave, the generous fault,
If thus my virtue fails; alone
My Delia stole my earliest thought,
And fram'd its feelings by her own.

VI.

Her mind so pure, her face so fair;
Her breast the seat of softest love;
It seem'd her words an angel's were,
Her gentle precepts from above.

VII.

My mind thus form'd, to misery gave
The tender tribute of a tear:
O! Belgia, open thy vast grave,
For I could pour an ocean there.

VIII.

When first you show'd me at your feet
Pale Liberty, Religion tied;
I flew to shut the glorious gate
Of freedom on a tyrant's pride.

IX.

Tho' great the cause, so wore with woes,
I cannot but lament the deed:
My youth to melancholy bows,
And Clotho trifles with my thread.

X.

But stop, my Clio, wanton muse,
 Indulge not this unmanly strain :
 Beat, beat the drums, my ardour rouse,
 And call the soldier back again.

XI.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
 Throughout the sensual world proclaim,
 One crouded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name.

XII.

Go then, thou little lovely boy,
 I cannot, must not, hear thee now ;
 And all thy soothing arts employ
 To cheat my Delia of her wo.

XIII.

If the gay flow'r, in all its youth,
 The scythe of glory here must meet ;
 Go, bear my laurel, pledge of truth,
 And lay it at my Delia's feet.

XIV.

Her tears shall keep it ever green,
 To crown the image in her breast ;
 Till death doth close the hapless scene,
 And calls its angel home to rest.



THE LAMMY.
O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

AND
TAK TENT AND BE WARY.

THREE FAVOURITE SCOTS SONGS.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF WILL AND JEAN.

*What said ye to the bonny bairn,
My boy Tammy?
I prais'd ber een, so lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry-mou,—
I prae'd it afe as ye may true;
"She said she'd tell ber mammy."*



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THE LAMMY:

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WILL AND JEAN.



I.

W HARE hae ye been a' day,
My boy Tammy?
Whare hae ye been a' day,
My boy Tammy?
I've been by burn and flowery brae,
Meadow green, and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

II.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy?
I gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
For her poor mammy.

III.

What said ye to the bonny bairn,
My boy Tammy?
I prais'd her een, so lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheeks and cherry mou,
I pree'd it aft as ye may true;
"She said she'd tell her mammy."

IV.

I held her to my beating heart,
My young my smiling lammy!
I hae a house,—it cost me dear,
I've walth o' plenishin' and geer,
"Ye'fe get it a', war't ten times mair,
"Gin ye will leave your mammy."

V.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face,
"I maun na leave my mammy;
"She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claife;
"She's been my comfort a' my days;
"My father's death brought mony waes;
"I canna leave my mammy."

VI.

"We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
"My ain kind-hearted lammy;
"We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claife,
"We'll be her comfort a' her days."
The wee thing gi'es her hand and says,
"There! gang and ask my mammy."

VII.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee
My boy Tammy?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee—
But O she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO:

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WILL AND JEAN.

I.

“ O TELL me my bonny young lassie,
“ O tell me how for to woo!
“ O tell me bonny sweet lassie,
“ O tell me how for to woo!

“ Say maun I roose your cheeks like the morning,
“ Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew!
“ Say maun I roose your een's pawky scorning,
“ O tell me how for to woo.

II.

“ Far hae I wander'd to see thee dear lassie!
“ Far hae I ventur'd across the sa't sea;
“ Far hae I travell'd o'er muirland and mountain,
“ Houseless and weary lay cauld on the lea!

6

- " Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak love to ony,
" For ne'er loe'd I ony till ance I loe'd you ;
" Now we're our lane in the greenwood fae bonny,
" O tell me how for to woo !"

III.

- ' What care I for your wand'ring, young laddie,
' What care I for your crossing the sea !
' It was nae for naething ye left poor young Peggy,—
' It was for my TOCHER ye came to court me.

' Say, hae ye *gowed* to busk me ay gawdy,
' *Ribbons*, and *pearlins*, and *breastknots* enew ?
' A house that is canty, wi' *walts* in't my laddie !
' Without this ye never need try for to woo.'

IV.

- " I hae na gowd to busk ye ay gawdy,
" I canna' buy ribbons and pearlins enew ;
" I've naething to brag o' a house or o' plenty,
" I've little to gi'e but a *heart that is true*.

" I came na for *tocher*,—I ne'er heard o' ony,
" I *never* loe'd Peggy,—nor e'er brak my vow ;
" I've wander'd, poor fool ! for a face fause as bonny ;
" I little thought this was the way for to woo !"

V.

- ' Hae na ye roos'd my cheeks like the morning ?
' Hae na ye roos'd my cherry red mou ?
' Hae na ye come o'er sea, muir, and mountain ?
' What mair Johnny need ye to woo ?

‘ Far hae ye wander’d, I ken, my dear laddie !
 ‘ Now ye hae found me, ye’ve nae cause to rue ;
 ‘ Wi’ health we’ll hae plenty—I’ll never gang gawdy ;
 ‘ I ne’er wish’d for mair than a *heart that is true.*’

VI.

She hid her fair face in her true lover’s bosom ;
 The fast tear o’ transport fill’d ilk lover’s ee ;
 The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbed,
 And sweet sang the mavis aboon on the tree.

He clasp’d her, he prest her, he ca’d her his honey ;
 And aften he tasted her hinny sweet mou !
 And ay ’tween ilk smack she figh’d to her Johnny,
 ‘ O laddie ! *weel can ye woo !*’

TAK TENT AND BE WARY:

A SCOTS SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WILL AND JEAN.

I.

‘ **H**EH ! lafs, but you’re canty and vogie !
 ‘ Wow but your een look pawkie and roguie !
 ‘ What was ye doing in yonder green bogie,
 ‘ Up in this morning sae airy and grey ?’
 “ I’ve been wi’ someboddie,—what need ye to speer ?
 “ I’ve been wi’ young Jamie,—I’ve been wi’ my dear !
 “ God save me ! my mither will miss me, I fear :
 “ D’ye ken lafs he’s courting me a’ the lang day !”

II.

“O Kate! tak tent and be wary;
 “Jamie’s a fad ane! he never will marry;
 “Think o’ poor Tibby!—he’s left her to carry
 “Black turning shame till the day that she die!”

“I carna for Tibby,—a glaiket young quean!
 “Her gaites wi’ the fallows, we a’ ken lang syne;
 “The heart o’ my laddie I never can tyne,
 “He promis’d to marry me down on yon lea!”

III.

“O no! I need nae be wary;
 “Yes, yes! he means for to marry;
 “Wi’ mony sweet kisses he ca’d me his dearie,
 “And swore he wad tak me before Beltan day!”

“O Kate, Kate! he’ll deceive ye,
 “(The deil’s in the cheil! he does naithing but greive
 me,)
 “He’s fu’ o’ deceit, gin ye like to believe me,
 “The fause loon last night said the same thing to
 me.”

IV.

“Dear Jean but you’re unco camstrarie,
 “Ye’ll ne’er let a boddie trou ever they’ll marry;
 “Ye’ve now gi’en me something that’s no light to car-
 ry;
 “’Twill lie at my heart till the day that I die!”

She gaid awa fighting,—she gaid awa wae;
 Her mither flet fare, for her biding away;
 She sat down to spin,—ne'er a word could she say,
 But drew out a thread wi' the tear in her ee!

V.

“O yes! 'tis time to be wary;
 “Jamie's a sad ane,—he never will marry;
 “He may rise in the morning, and wait till he's weary,
 “He's no see my face for this year and a day.”

She raife wi' the lav'rock—she milked her cow;
 She sat down by her leglin, and 'gan for to rue;
 Young Jamie came by,—her heart lap to her mou,
 And she trow'd ilka word that the fause loon did say.

O dear how lassies will vary!
 Some times they're doubtfu', tis then they are wary;
 But when 'luve comes loupin', they ay think we'll
 marry,
 And trust like poor Kate to what fause loons will
 say.



DONALD AND FLORA,

AND

I LOO'D NEAR A LADDIE BUT ANE:

TWO FAVOURITE SCOTS SONGS.

**BY THE
AUTHOR OF WILL AND JEAN.**

To which are added,

VERSES

BY

T H O M S O N

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.



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DONALD AND FLORA

DONALD AND FLORA:

A BALLAD,

ON THE MISFORTUNE OF GENERAL BURGOWNE, AND

HIS GALLANT ARMY—1779.



I.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
Careless of ought but play,
Poor Flora slipt away,
 Sad'ning to Mora*.
Loose flow'd her golden hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
While thus to the troubled air
 She vented her sorrow.

II.

' Loud howls the stormy west,
' Cold!—cold is winter's blast,
' Haste then, O Donald haste
 ' Haste to thy Flora!
' Twice twelve long months are o'er,
' Since on a foreign shore,
' You promis'd to fight no more,
 ' But meet me in Mora.'

* A small valley in Athole, so named by the two lovers.

III.

‘ Where now is Donald dear?’

(Maids cry with taunting sneer)

‘ Say is he still sincere

‘ To his lov’d Flora?

‘ Parents upbraid my moan,

‘ Each heart is turn’d to stone—

‘ Ah! Flora, thou’rt now alone

‘ Friendless in Mora!

IV.

‘ Come then, Oh, come away,

‘ Donald no longer stay—

‘ Where can my rover stray

‘ From his dear Flora?

‘ Ah! sure he ne’er could be

‘ False to his vows and me—

‘ O Heav’n!—is not yonder he,

‘ Bounding o’er Mora?’

V.

“ Never, O wretched Fair,”

(Sigh’d the sad messenger)

“ Never shall Donald mair,

“ Meet his lov’d Flora!

“ Cold, as yon mountain snow,

“ Donald, thy love lies low.—

“ He sent me to soothe thy wo,

“ Weeping in Mora.”

VI.

“ Well fought our gallant slain

“ On SARATOGA’s plain;

" Thrice fled the hostile train
 " From British glory.—
" But ah ! tho' our foes did flee,
" Sad was each victory !—
" Youth, love and loyalty
 " Fell far from Mora.

VII.

" Here, take this love-wrought plaid,"
(Donald expiring said)
" Give it to yon dear maid,
 " Drooping in sorrow.—
" Tell her, Oh ! Allan tell,
" Donald thus bravely fell,
" And that in his last farewell
 " He thought on his Flora."

VIII.

Mute stood the trembling Fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then striking her bosom bare,
 Sigh'd out, ' Poor Flora !
' Oh, Donald ! Oh ! well-away !'
Was all the fond heart could say.—
At length the sound died away,
 Feebly in Mora.



I LOO'D NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE:

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

I.

' I LOO'D ne'er a laddie but ane,
' He loo'd ne'er a lassie but me,
' He is willing to mak me his ain,
' And his ain I am willing to be.
' He has coft me a Rocklay o' blue,
' And a pair o' Mittens o' green;
' The price was a kiss o' my mou,
' And I paid him the debt yestreen.

II.

' Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
' Their land and their lordly degree,
' I carena for ought but my dear,
' For he's ilka thing lordly to me.
' His words are sae sugar'd and sweet,
' His sence drives ilk fear far awa;
' I listen—poor fool! and I greet,
' Yet oh! how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

III.

" Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,
 " Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
 " Tho' we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear,
 " What's gowd to a heart that is wae!
 " Our Laird has baith honours and wealth,
 " Yet see how he's dwinning wi' CARE:—
 " Now we, tho' we've naithing but Health,
 " Are cantie and leil evermair.

IV.

" O MARION! the heart that is true,
 " Has something mair costly than gear,
 " Ilk e'en it has naithing to rue;
 " Ilk morn, it has naithing to fear.
 " Ye warldlings! gae hoard up your store,
 " And tremble for fear ough ye tyne!
 " Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar and door,
 " While thus in my arms I lock mine!"

V.

" He ends wi' a kifs and a smile;—
 " Waes me! can I tak it amifs,
 " My laddie's unpractis'd in guile,
 " He's free ay to daut and to kifs.
 " Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
 " Your luvvers wi' fause scorn and strife,
 " Play your pranks—I've gi'en my consent,
 " And this night I'll tak JAMIE for life.

VERSES BY THOMSON,
ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

YE fabled muses I your aid disclaim,
Your airy raptures, and your fancied flame,
True genuine wo my throbbing breast inspires,
Love prompts my lays and filial duty fires;
The soul springs instant at the warm design,
And the heart dictates ev'ry flowing line.

See! where the kindest, best of mothers lies,
And death has shut her ever-weeping eyes;
Has lodg'd, at last, peace in her weary breast,
And lull'd her many piercing cares to rest.
No more the orphan train around her stands,
While her full heart upbraids her needy hands;
No more the widow's lonely fate she feels,
The shock severe that modest want conceals,
Th' oppressor's scourge, the scorn of wealthy pride,
And poverty's unnumber'd ills beside;
For see! attended by th' angelic throng,
Thro' yonder worlds of light she glides along,
And claims the well-earn'd raptures of the sky;
Yet fond concern recalls the mother's eye;
She seeks th' unfriended orphans left behind,
So hardly left! so bitterly resign'd!
Still, still! is she my soul's divinest theme,
The waking vision, and the wailing dream;
Amid the ruddy sun's enliv'ning blaze,
O'er my dark eyes her dewy image plays;
And in the dread dominion of the night,
Shines out again the sadly pleasing sight:



Triumphant virtue all around her darts,
 And more than volumes every look imparts ;
 Looks!—soft, yet awful, melting, yet severe,
 Where both the mother and the saint appear.

But ah ! that night—that tort'ring night remains
 May darkness dye it with its deepest stains ;
 May joy on it forsake her rosy bow'rs,
 And streaming sorrow blast its baleful hours !
 When on the margin of the briny flood,
 Chill'd with a sad-presaging damp I stood ;
 Took the last look ne'er to behold her more,
 And mix'd our murmurs with the wat'ry roar :
 Heard the last words fall from her pious tongue,
 Then wild into the bulging vessel flung,
 Which soon, too soon, convey'd me from her sight,
 Dearer than life, and liberty, and light !

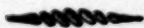
Why was I then, ye pow'rs ! reserv'd for this,
 Nor sunk immediate in the vast abyss ?
 Devour'd at once by the relentless wave,
 And whelm'd for ever in a wat'ry grave ?

Down ye wild wishes of unruly wo !
 I see her with immortal beauty glow ;
 The early wrinkle, care-contracted, gone,
 Her tears all wip'd, and all her sorrows flown ;
 Th' exulting voice of heav'n I hear her breathe,
 To soothe her in the agonies of death !
 I see her thro' the blest apartments rove,
 And now she meets her dear expecting love.
 Heart-easing sight ! if not in part o'erspread,
 By the damp gloom of grief's uncheerful shade,
 But round me, light ! let this reflection pour,
 JEHOVAH shields her in her dying hour,
 Who from the night commands the shining day,
 The poor man's portion and the orphan's stay.

FINIS.

OSRIC—THE LION:

A P O E M.



BY M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M.P.

AUTHOR OF THE MONK, &c.



*Swift roll the Rhine's billows, and water the plains,
Where Falkenstein's Castle's majestic remains
Their moss-cover'd turrets still rear :
Oft loves the gaunt wolf 'midst the ruins to prow!
What time from the battlements pours the lone owl
Her plaints in the passenger's ear.*



GLASGOW:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A very incorrect copy of the following Poem having appeared in one of the daily prints, the reader is here presented with the "ORIGINAL," as wrote by the very elegant and popular Author of the Monk, &c.



OSRIC—THE LION:

A P O E M.

I.

SWIFT roll the Rhine's billows, and water the plains,
Where Falkenstein's Castle's majestic remains
Their moss-cover'd turrets still rear:
Oft loves the gaunt wolf 'midst the ruins to prowl,
What time from the battlements pours the lone owl
Her plaints in the passenger's ear.

II.

No longer resound through the vaults of yon hall
The song of the minstrel, and mirth of the ball;
Those pleasures for ever are fled; [brood;
There now dwells the bat with her light-shunning
There ravens and vultures now clamour for food,
And all is dark, silent, and dread!

III.

Ha! dost thou not see, by the Moon's trembling light
Directing his steps, where advances a Knight,
His eye big with vengeance and fate?

'Tis Ofric—the Lion, his nephew who leads,
And swift up the crackling old staircase proceeds,
Gains the hall, and quick closes the gate.

IV.

Now round him young Carloman casting his eyes,
Surveys the sad scene with dismay and surprise,
And fear steals the rose from his cheeks ;
His spirits forsake him, his courage is flown ;
The hand of Sir Ofric he clasps in his own,
And, while his voice falters, he speaks :

V.

“ Dear uncle,” he murmurs, “ why linger we here ?
“ 'Tis late, and these chambers are damp and are
“ Keen blows through the ruins the blast ! [drear,
“ Oh ! let us away, and our journey pursue ;
“ Fair Blumenberg's castle will rise on our view,
“ Soon as Falkenstein's forest is past.

VI.

“ Why roll thus your eye-balls ? Why glare they so
wild ?
“ Oh ! chide not my weakness, nor frown that a child
“ Should view these apartments with dread ;
“ For know that full oft have I heard from my nurse,
“ There still on this castle has rested a curse,
“ Since innocent blood here was shed !

VII.

“ She said, too, bad spirits, and ghosts all in white,
“ Here use to resort at the dead time of night,
“ Nor vanish till breaking of day ;

And still at their coming is heard the deep tone
 Of a bell—loud and awful—Hark! hark! 'twas a
 “ Good uncle, oh! let us away!” [groan!]

VIII.

“ Peace, serpent!” thus Ofic—the Lion replies,
 While rage and malignity gloom in his eyes;
 “ Thy journey and life here must close;
 “ Thy castle’s proud turrets no more shalt thou see;
 “ No more betwixt Blumenberg’s Lordship and me
 “ Shalt thou stand, and my greatness oppose.

IX.

“ My brother lies breathless on Palestine’s plains,
 “ And thou once remov’d, to his noble domains
 “ My right can no rival deny;
 “ Then, stripling, prepare on my dagger to bleed;
 “ No succour is near, and thy fate is decreed,
 “ Commend thee to Jesus, and die!”

X.

Thus saying, he seizes the boy by the arm,
 Whose grief rends the vaulted hall’s roof, while alarm
 His heart of all fortitude robs:
 His limbs sink beneath him; distracted with fears,
 He falls at his uncle’s feet, bathes them with tears,
 And—“ Spare me! O! spare me!” he sobs.

XI.

But, ah! 'tis in vain that he strives to appease
 The miscreant; in vain does he cling round his knees,
 And sue in soft accents for life;

Unmov'd by his sorrow, unmov'd by his prayer,
Fierce Ofric has twist'd his hand in his hair,
And aims at his bosom a knife.

XII.

But ere the steel blushes with blood, strange to tell,
Self-struck, does the tongue of the hollow-ton'd bell
The presence of midnight declare :
And while with amazement his hair bristles high,
Hears Ofric a voice, loud and terrible, cry,
In sounds heart-appalling—"Forbear !"—

XIII.

Straight curses and shrieks thro' the chambers resound,
With hellish mirth mingled ; the walls rock around ;
The groaning roof threatens to fall ;
Loud bellows the thunder ; blue lightnings still flash ;
The casements they clatter ; chains rattle ; doors clash ;
And flames spread their waves through the hall.

XIV.

The clamour increases ; the portals expand ;
O'er the pavement's black marble now rushes a band
Of dæmons, all dropping with gore,
In visage so grim, and so monstrous in height,
That Carloman screams as they burst on his sight,
And sinks without sense on the floor.

XV.

Not so his fell uncle : he sees that the throng
Impels, loudly shrieking, a female along,
And well the sad spectre he knows ;

The dæmons with curses her steps onward urge,
 Her shoulders with whips form'd of serpents they
 And fast from her wounds the blood flows. [scourge,

XVI.

Oh! welcome," she cried, and her voice spoke despair;

Oh! welcome, Sir Ofric, the torments to share,
 "Of which thou hast made me the prey;
 Twelve years have I languish'd thy coming to see,
 Ulrilda, who perished dishonour'd by thee,
 "Now calls thee to anguish away!

XVII.

My ruin compleated, thy love became hate;
 Thy hand gave the draught which consign'd me to
 "Nor thought I death lurk'd in the bowl: [Fate;
 Unfit for the grave, stain'd with guilt, swell'd with
 Unblest'd, unabsoiv'd, unrepenting, I died, [pride,
 "And dæmons straight seiz'd on my soul!

XVIII.

Thou com'st, and with transport I feel my breast
 Full long have I suffer'd the torments of hell, [swell!
 "And now shall its pleasures be mine;
 See, see, how the fiends are athirst for thy blood!
 Twelve years has my panting heart furnished their
 "Come, wretch, let them feast upon thine!" [food,

XIX.

She said, and the dæmons their prey flock'd around;
 They dash'd him with horrible yell on the ground,
 And blood down his limbs trickled fast:

His eyes from their sockets with fury they tore;
 They fed on his entrails all reeking with gore,
 And his heart was Ulrilda's repast.

XX.

But now the grey cock told the coming of day;
 The fiends with their victim straight vanish'd away,
 And Carloman's heart throbb'd again:
 With terror recalling the deeds of the night,
 He rose, and from Falkenstein speeding his flight,
 Soon reach'd his paternal domain.

XXI.

Since, then, all with horror the ruins behold;
 No shepherd, though strayed be a lamb from his fold,
 No mother, though lost be her child,
 The fugitive dares in these chambers to seek,
 Where fiends nightly revel, and guilty ghosts shriek,
 In accents most fearful and wild!

XXII.

Oh! shun them, ye Pilgrims! though late be the hour,
 Though loud howl the tempest, and fast fall the
 From Falkenstein castle be gone! [shower,
 There still their sad banquets Hell's denizens share;
 There Osric—the Lion, still raves in despair;
 Breathe a prayer for his soul, and pass on!



THE
CELEBRATED BALLAD
OF
WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

To which is added,
WATTY AND MADGE:

A PARODY THEREON.

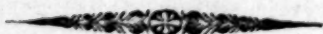
Her face was pale like April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand
That held her fable shroud.

*His face was like a bacon ham
That lang in reek bad bung,
And born-bard was his tawny band
That held his bazel rung.*



GLASGOW:
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THE
CELEBRATED BALLAD
OF
WILLIAM AND MARGARET.



I.

'T WAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was pale like April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand
That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown:

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view :

V.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She died before her time.

VI.

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night,
To fright the faithless man.

VIII.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledg'd and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

X.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why said you that my eyes were bright,
Yet left these eyes to weep?

XI.

How could you swear my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young wileless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

XII.

That face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my sifter is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till the last morn appear.

XIV.

But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—
A long and late adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lies,
That died for love of you.

XV.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glist'ning head:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him o'er the green grass-turf
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spoke never more.

WATTY AND MADGE :

A PARODY ON THE

BALLAD

OF

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

'T WAS at the shining mid-day hour,
When all began to gaunt,
That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breast,
And the poor lad grew faint.

II.

His face was like a bacon ham
That lang in reek had hung,
And horn-hard was his tawny hand
That held his hazel rung.

III.

So wad the fastest face appear
Of the maist dressy spark,
And such the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept close at wark.

IV.

His head was like a heathery bush
Beneath his bonnet blew,
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
His bairdy bristles grew.

V.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade rumbling through his kyte,
And nothing now but solid gear
Cou'd give his heart delight.

VI.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,
To his lov'd Madge he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney-nook
With visage sour and wan.

VII.

"Get up," he cries, "my crishty love,
"Support my sinking faul
"With something that is fit to chew,
"Be't either het or caul,

VIII.

" This is the how and hungry hour,
" When the best cures for grief
" Are cog-fous of the lythy kail,
" And a good junt of beef."

IX.

' Oh ! Watty, Watty,' Madge replies,
' I but o'er justly trow'd,
' Your love was thowless, and that ye
' For cake and pudding woo'd.

X.

' Bethink thee, Watty, on that night,
' When all were fast asleep,
' How ye kifs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
' Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

XI.

' How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
' And comfort of your sight ?
' How cou'd you roose my dimpled hand,
' Now all my dimples flight ?

XII.

' Why did ye promise me a snood,
' To bind my locks fae brown ?
' Why did you me fine garters heght,
' Yet let my hose fa' down ?

XIII.

' O faithless Watty, think how aft
' I ment your sarks and hose !
' For you how many bannocks stown,
' How many cogs of brose !

XIV.

‘But hark!—the kail-bell rings, and I
‘Maun gae link aff the pot;
‘Come see, ye haff, how fair I sweat,
‘To slegh your guts, ye sot.’

XV.

The grace was said, the master serv’d,
Fat Madge return’d again,
Blythe Watty raise and rax’d himsell,
And fidg’d he was sae fain.

XVI.

He hy’d him to the savoury bench,
Where a warm haggies stood,
And gart his gooly through the bag
Let out its fat heart’s blood.

XVII.

And thrice he cry’d, Come eat, dear Madge,
Of this delicious fare;
Synne claw’d it off most cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.



TAM GLEN,

AND

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.

TWO FAVOURITE SCOTS SONGS.

To which are added,

THE NEGRO BOY,

AND

THE VICAR AND HOUR-GLASS.

My Heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,

Some counsel unto me come len,

To anger them a' is a pity,

But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

GLASGOW:

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T A M G L E N

TAM GLEN



FAVOURITE SONG.

I.

MY heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len,
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

II.

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might make a fen,
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I manna marry Tam Glen.
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I manna marry Tam Glen.

III.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
"Gude day to you brute" he comes ben,
He brags and he blaws o' his filler,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen.

IV.

My Minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think fae o' Tam Glen.
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me.
 But wha can think fae o' Tam Glen.

V.

My Daddie says gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
 But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen.

VI.

Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,
 My heart to my mon, gied a stear;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written Tam Glen.

VII.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin,
 My droukit fark-sleeve, as ye ken,
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

VIII.

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to Marry,
 The lad I lo'e dear, Tam Glen.
 Gif ye will advise me to Marry,
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.

A

FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

Original Words.

I.

COMIN thro' the rye, poor body,

Comin thro' the rye,

She draigl't a' her petticotie

Comin thro' the rye.

Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body,

Jenny's seldom dry,

She draigl't a' her petticotie

Comin thro' the rye.

II.

Gin a body meet a body,

Comin thro' the rye,

Gin a body kifs a body

Need a body cry.

Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body,

Jenny's seldom dry,

She draigl't a' her petticotie

Comin thro' the rye.

III.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin thro' the glen;
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need the warld ken!

Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry,
 She draigl't a' her petticotic
 Comin thro' the rye.

IV.

Kissin is the key o' love,
 And clappin is the lock
 And makin o's the best thing
 That e'er a young thing got.

Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry,
 She draigl't a' her petticotic
 Comin thro' the rye.

Modern Words.

I.

GIN a body meet a body, comin thro' the rye,
 Gin a body kifs a body, need a body cry;
 Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I,
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

II.

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the wall,
 Gin a body kifs a body, need a body tell;
 Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I,
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

III.

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the town,
 Gin a body kifs a body, need a body gloom;
 Tilka Jenny has her Jockey, ne'er a ane hae I,
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

THE NEGRO BOY.

An African Prince, lately arrived in England, having been asked what he had given for his Watch? answered, what I will never give again.—I gave a fine Negro Boy for it.

I.

WHEN avarice enslaves the mind,
 And selfish views alone bear sway,
 Man turns a savage to his kind,
 And blood and rapine mark his way.
 Alas! for this poor simple toy,
 I sold a blooming Negro Boy.

II.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
 Tho' black, yet comely to the view,
 I tore him helpless from their side,
 And gave him to a ruffian crew.—
 To fiends, that Afric's coast annoy,
 I sold the blooming Negro Boy.

III.

From country, friends, and parents torn,
 His tender limbs in chains confin'd,
 I saw him o'er the billows borne,
 And mark'd his agony of mind.

But still to gain this simple toy,
I gave away the Negro Boy.

IV.

In isles that deck the western wave,
I doom'd the hapless youth to dwell,
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave,
A beast that Christians buy and sell;
And in their cruel tasks employ,
The much enduring Negro Boy.

V.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the distant main,
In hope to see the youth return,
But all their hopes and sighs are vain.
They never shall the sight enjoy
Of their lamented Negro Boy.

VI.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command
He wears away his youthful prime.
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime.
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor, dejected Negro Boy.

VII.

But He who walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunder's heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
Or wing the lightning through the sky;
In his own time will sure destroy,
The oppressors of a Negro Boy.

THE VICAR AND HOUR-GLASS.

I.

IN Gothic Churches you may view,
 Close by the Vicar's elbow placed,
 An Hour Glas of motion true,
 With antique sculpture richly graced.

II.

It happened as, in Charles's days,
 Old Spintext thundered loud and deep,
 In orthodox and loyal lays,
 His wearied audience fell asleep.

III.

The Vicar stared, and thus exclaimed,
 " I'm sure the Quarter scarce has run;
 " I looked before my text I named,
 " My Sermon just at Twelve begun!"

IV.

You who perchance may read this rhyme,
 Will see the cause in all its force;
 He measured his Discourse by Time,
 They measured Time by his Discourse.

F I N I S.



ANSWER

TO THE

FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG,

TAM GLEN.



To which are added,

THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE,

AND

WILLIFOU FA' THE CAT:

TWO FAVOURITE SCOTS SONGS.



" I thought it ance a lonesome life,

" A lonesome life, a lonesome life,

" I thought it ance a lonesome life,

" To ly sae lang my lane, jo."



GLASGOW:

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A N S W E R

TO THE

FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG,

TAM GLEN.



I.

DEAR Titty, come dry up your tears,
For you my poor heart's like to ren',
True lovers will always have fears,
But you love and are lov'd by Tam Glen.

II.

Tho' Laird Lawrie has houses and land,
And mony good hundreds to len',
Dear lassie ne'er gie him your hand,
But prove faithful and true to Tam Glen.

III.

For the Laird is an auld doited body,
With bleer een, and teeth scarcely ten,
His head it gangs ay nidy nody,
Yet forsooth, he wad ding out Tam Glen.

IV.

Our brithers baith, Roger and Harry,
Were speaking to auld uncle Ben,
And ilka ane thought ye should marry
That handsome young fallow, Tam Glen.

V.

The spae-wife tho' baith deaf and dumb,
Our fortunes did tell, as ye ken,
To me ay she wrote Willy Dunn,
To you she ay marked Tam Glen.

VI.

Fu' aft our good Minister says,
Riches seldom do happiness sen',
In contentment, where love always stays,
You'll be happy, I'm sure, wi' Tam Glen.

VII.

Tho' poor, ne'er forsake a kind lover,
A *true* lover's noblest of men,
And whar can ye find sic anither,
To match your dear laddie, Tam Glen.

VIII.

Should our father not gie us a shilling,
And friends a' forsake us, what then?
To wed my dear Willy, I'm willing,
And advise you to marry Tam Glen.

THE
BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE:

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

I.

I THOUGHT it ance a lonesome life,
A lonesome life, a lonesome life,
I thought it ance a lonesome life,
To ly fae lang my lane, jo:

But wha would not my case regret?
Since I am cursed wi' a mate,
What once I long'd for, now I hate;
I'm quite another man, jo.

II.

When I was full out nineteen years,
Out nineteen years, out nineteen years,
When I was full out nineteen years,
I held my head fu' high, jo;

Then I resolv'd to take a lass,
Ne'er thought on what wad come to pass,
Nor look'd in matrimony's glass,
Till headlong down I came, jo.

III.

Before the fatal marriage-day,
 So keen was I, so keen was I,
 I rested neither night nor day,
 But wander'd up and down, jo.

To please her I took meikle care,
 Ane wad hae thought I sought nae mair,
 In the wide world to my share,
 But her wrapt in her gown, jo.

IV.

My ain sma' stock did scarce defray,
 Did scarce defray, did scarce defray,
 My ain sma' stock did scarce defray,
 Half of the marriage-charge, jo ;

For things belonging to a house,
 I gave till I left ne'er a souce ;
 O but I'm turned wond'rous douse,
 And filler's nae sae large, jo.

V.

Her father, and her friends likewise,
 Her friends likewise, her friends likewise,
 Did haud her out for such a prize,
 I thought nae labour lost, jo.

I dres'd mysel' from neck to heel,
 And a' was for a gilded pill ;
 Now I would wish the meikle dail
 Had her, and pay the cost, jo.

VI.

Her father sent a ship to sea,
 A ship to sea, a ship to sea,
 When it returns, quoth he to me,
 I'll pay you ilka plack, jo.

The servants grumble, goodwife raves,
 When hungry stomach for them craves,
 Now I am tauld by the auld knave,
 The ship will ne'er come back, jo.

VII.

Alack-a-day, what will I do,
 What will I do, what will I do,
 Alack-a-day what will I do?
 The honey-month is done, jo.

My glitt'ring gold is all turn'd dross,
 And filler scarcely will be brass.
 I've nothing but a bonny lass,
 And she's quite out of tune, jo.

VIII.

Yet she lays a' the blame on me,
 The blame on me, the blame on me,
 Says I brought her to misery,
 This is a weary life, jo.

I'd run to the wide world's end,
 If I cou'd leave but her behind;
 I'm out o' hopes she'll ever mend;
 She's prov'd a very wife, jo.

IX.

Now, bachelors, be wise in time,
 Be wise in time, be wise in time,
 Tho' she's ca'd modest, fair and fine,
 And rich in goud and plate, jo;

Yet ye'll have cause to curse hard Fate,
 If once she catch you in her net;
 Your blazing star will soon be set;
 Then look before ye leap, jo.

WALLIFOU FA' THE CAT:

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

I.

THERE was a bonnie wee laddie,
 Was keeping a bonny whine sheep;
 There was a bonnie wee lassie,
 Was wading the water fae deep,

Was wading the water fae deep,
 And a little above her knee;
 The laddie cries unto the lassie,
 Come down Tweedside to me.

II.

And when I gade down Tweed-side,
 I heard, I dinna ken what,
 I heard ae wife say t' anither,
 Wallifou fa' the cat ;

Wallifou fa' the cat,
 For she's bred meikle wan ease,
 She's open'd the am'ry door,
 And eaten up a' the cheefe.

III.

She's eaten up a' the cheefe,
 O' the kebbuk she's no left a bit ;
 She's dung down the bit skate on the brace,
 And 'tis fa'en in the sownen kit ;

'Tis out o' the sownen kit,
 And 'tis into the maister can ;
 It will be fae fiery fa't,
 'Twill poison our goodman.



THE
E W I E

WI' THE CROOKED HORN,

AND
ALL IN THE WRONG!

TWO FAVOURITE SCOTS SONGS.

BY THE
REVEREND MR. JOHN SKINNER,
MINISTER AT LINSHART.

*Says the free-thinking sopbist, "The times are resin'd
" In sense to a wond'rous degree;
" Your old-fashion'd creeds do but fetter the mind,
" And it's wrong not to seek to be free."*



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

THE
EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

I.

O WERE I able to reherse,
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sing it out as loud and fierce,
As ever piper's drone could blaw.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

II.

I neither needed tar nor keel,
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crooked horn did as weel,
To ken her by amo' them a'.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.



III.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keep'd ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweer to lead nor ca'.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

IV.

Could nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor rain could never wrang her,
Ance she lay an owk an' langer
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

V.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But tees'd about the barn wa'.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

VI.

*Early on ae Sunday morn
The dog her lammies wad ba'e torn,
Sic bang'd him wi' her crooked born,
And gar'd him yowl and rin awa'.*

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

VII.

A better nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man cou'd well hae wist,
For silly thing she never mist,

To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,

Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;

Sic a ewie ne'er was born,

Here about nor far awa'.

VIII.

The first she had I gae to Jock,

To be to him a kind of stock,

And now the laddie has a flock,

O' mair nor thirty head in a'.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,

Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;

Sic a ewie ne'er was born,

Here about nor far awa'.

IX.

The niest I gae to Jean; and now,

The bairn's fae bra', her fauld fae fu',

That lads fae thick come her to woo,

They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,

Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;

Sic a ewie ne'er was born,

Here about nor far awa'.

X.

I looked ay at gloamin' for her,

For fear the fumart might devour her,

Or some mishanter had come o'er her,

If the beastie bade awa'.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,

Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;

Sic a ewie ne'er was born,

Here about nor far awa'.

XI.

Yet Monday last, for a' my keeping,
(How can I speak o't without weeping,)
A villain came when I was sleeping,
And staw my ewie, horn and a'.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

XII.

I fought her fair upo' the morn
And down beneath a buse of thorn
I got my ewie's crooked horn,
But ah! my ewie was awa'.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

XIII.

O gin I had the lown that did it,
ha'e sworn as well as said it,
Tho' a the warld should forbid it,
I thou'd gi'e his neck a thraw.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

XIV.

never met wi' sic a turn
as this, since ever I was born,
My ewie wi' the crooked horn

Peer silly ewie stown awa'.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

XV.

O had she died of crook or cauld,
As ewies die when they are auld,
It wad nae been by mony fauld,
Sae fair a heart to ane o's a'.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

XVI.

For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frae her and her's sae aften thorn,
The loss of her we cou'd ha'e born,
Had fair strae death tane her awa'.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

XVII.

But silly thing to lose her life,
Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
I'm really fear'd that our goodwife
Sall never win aboon't ava.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

XVIII.

O a' ye bards beneath Kinghorn,
 Call up your muses, let them mourn;
 Our ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Is frown'd and fell'd and a'.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Well deserv'd baith girse and corn;
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
 Here about nor far awa'.

ALL IN THE WRONG.

I.

I'r has long been my fate to be thought in the wrong,
 And my fate it continues to be;
 The wise and the wealthy still make it their song,
 And the clerk and the cottar agree.
 There is nothing I do, and there's nothing I say
 But some one or other thinks wrong;
 And to please them I find there is no other way,
 But do nothing, and still hold my tongue.

II.

Says the free-thinking sophist, 'The times are refin'd
 'In sense to a wond'rous degree;
 'Your old-fashion'd creeds do but fetter the mind,
 'And it's wrong not to seek to be free.'

Says the sage politician, 'Your natural share
 'Of talents would raise you much higher;
 'Than thus to crawl on in your present low sphere,
 'And it's wrong in you not to aspire.'

III.

Says the man of the world 'Your dull stoic life
 'Is surely deserving of blame;



' You have children to care for as well as a wife,
 ' And it's wrong not to lay up for them.'
 Says the fat gormandizer, ' To eat and to drink
 ' Is the true *summum bonum* of man;
 ' Life is nothing without it, whate'er you may think,
 ' And it's wrong not to live while you can.'

IV.

Says the new made divine ' Your old modes we reject,
 ' Nor give ourselves trouble about them;
 ' It is manners and drefs that procure us respect,
 ' And it's wrong to look for it without them.'
 Says the old peevish sot, in a fit of the spleen,
 ' Ah me ! but your manners are vile :
 ' A parson that's blithe is a shame to be seen,
 ' And it's wrong in you even to smile.'

V.

Says the clown, when I tell him to do what he ought,
 ' Sir, whatever your character be ;
 ' To obey you in this I will never be brought,
 ' And it's wrong to be meddling with me.'
 Says my wife, when she wants so and so for the house,
 ' Our matters to ruin must go,
 ' Your reading and writing's for no kind of use,
 ' And it's wrong to neglect the house so.'

VI.

Thus all judge of me by their taste or their wit,
 And I'm censur'd by old and by young ;
 Who in one point agree, tho' in others they split,
 That in something I'm still in the wrong.
 But let them say on to the end of the song,
 It shall make no impresson on me,
 If to differ from such be to be in the wrong,
 In the wrong I hope always to be.

F I N I S.

TULLOCHGORUM,
AND
JOHN O' BADENYON:

TWO FAVOURITE SCOTS SONGS.



BY THE REVEREND MR. JOHN SKINNER,
MINISTER AT LINSHART.

*Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roset well your fiddle sticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum,
Nor forties wi' pianos mix,
Gie's Tullochgorum.*

R. FERGUSON.



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TULLOCHGORUM

TULLOCHGORUM.



I.

COME, gi'e's a sang the lady cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?

Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their whigmegmorum.

Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And chearfu' sing along wi' me,
The reel of Tullochgorum,

II.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
To mak' a chearfu' quorum.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa'
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

III.

There needna be sae great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna' gi'e our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o'em:

They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum:

They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

IV.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fear of want and double cess,
 And silly fauls themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky fit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky fit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky fit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit
 At the reel of Tullochgorum.

V.

My choicest blessing still attend,
 Each honest hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him!

May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o'em!

May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot!
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

VI.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who want's to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him!

May dule and sorrow be his chance,
 Dule and sorrow, dule and sorrow,
 May dule and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him!

May dule and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Wha'er he be that winna' dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum!

JOHN O' BADENYON.

I.

WHEN first I came to be a man,
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world wou'd know.

In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there, and every where,
Was like a morn in May.

No care I had, nor fear of want,
But rambl'd up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd,
In country or in town.

I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself,
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

II.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
A mistress I must find;
For love they say, gives one an air,
And ev'n improves the mind:

On Phillis fair, above the rest,
 Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And she became my choice ;

To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r
 I offer'd many a vow,
 And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
 As other lovers do :

But when at last I breath'd my flame,
 I found her cold as stone ;
 I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

III.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd,
 With foolish hopes and vain,
 To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
 And laugh'd at lovers' pain ;

A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine ;
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine :

And now, whatever might betide,
 A happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply ;

A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
 He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan :
 I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself
 Wi John o' Badenyon.

IV.

I thought I should be wiser next,
 And would a patriot turn ;
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
 And cry up Parson Horne ;

Their noble spirit I admir'd,
 And prais'd their manly zeal,
 Who had, with flaming tongue and pen,
 Maintain'd the public weal ;

But ere a month or two was past,
 I found myself betray'd ;
 'Twas self and party after all,
 For all the stir they made.

At last I saw these factious knaves
 Insult the very throne ;
 I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

V.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
 Still hoping to succeed,
 I pitch'd on books for company,
 And gravely try'd to read ;

I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
 And study'd night and day ;
 Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote,
 That happen'd in my way :

Philosophy I now esteem'd
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully, thro' many a page,
 I hunted after truth :



A thousand various schemes I try'd,
 And yet was pleas'd with none;
 I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

VI.

And now, ye youngsters, ev'ry where,
 Who want to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
 For happiness below;

What you may fancy pleasure here,
 Is but an empty name;
 For girls, and friends, and books, and so,
 You'll find them all the same.

Then be advis'd, and warning take,
 From such a man as me,
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
 Nor one of low degree;

You'll find displeasure every where
 Then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
 Wi' John o' Badenyon.



THE
CONTENTED OLD COUPLE;

AND
TUNE YOUR FIDDLES:

TWO FAVOURITE SCOTS SONGS.



COMPOSED BY THE
REVEREND JOHN SKINNER,
MINISTER AT LINSHART,
AUTHOR OF TULLOCHGORUM, &c.



To which is added,
TIBBY I HAE SEEN THE DAY:

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.



GLASGOW:
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THE
CONTENTED OLD COUPLE:



A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

Tune—*Dumbarten Drums beat bonny, O.*

I.

O WHAT is there in old age to wound us, O?
There is nothing in't at all to confound us, O;
O how happy now am I,
With my auld wife fittin' by,
And our bairns and our oys all around us, O.

II.

We begood the warld with naething, O,
And we have jogg'd and toil'd for the ae thing, O,
We made use of what we had,
And our thankfu' hearts were glad,
When we got the bit meat and the cleathing, O.

III.

When we had any stock we never vaunted, O,
And we never hung our heads when we wanted, O,
For we always gave a share
Of the little we could spare,
When it pleased the Almighty to grant it, O.

IV.

We never laid a plot to be wealthy, O,
 By means that were cunning or stealthy, O,
 For we've always had the bliss,
 And what farther could we wish,
 To be pleased with ourselves, and be healthy, O.

V.

What tho' we canna boast of our guineas, O,
 We have plenty o' Jockies and Jeanies, O,
 And these, I'm certain, are
 More desirable by far,
 Than a bagful of yellow steanies, O.

VI.

We have seen many wonder and ferley, O,
 With changes that almost are yearly, O ;
 With many up and down,
 And many all around,
 That live but scrimpit and barely, O.

VII.

Then why should folks brag in prosperity, O,
 Since a straiten'd life, we see, is no rarity, O,
 And, altho' we've been in want,
 And our living been but scant,
 We were never reduc'd to seek charity, O.

VIII.

In this housie we first came thegither, O,
 Where we've lang been a father and a mither, O,
 And, altho' it binna fine,
 It will last us all our time,
 And, I hope we shall never need anither, O.

IX.

And when we leave this habitation, O,
We'll depart with a good commendation, O ;
We'll go hand in hand, I wish,
To a better Place than this,
To leave room for the neist generation, O.

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES:

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

Tune—*Marquis of Huntly's Reel.*

I.

TUNE your fiddles, tune them sweetly,
Play the Marquis' Reel discreetly,
Here we are a band completely
Fitted to be jolly.

Come my boys, glad and gawfy,
Every youngster chuse his lassie,
Dance wi' life and be not saucy,
Shy nor melancholy.

Come my boys, &c.

II.

Lay aside your four grimaces,
 Clouded brows and drumly faces,
 Look about and see their Graces,
 How they smile delighted!

Now's the season to be merry,
 Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,
 Time enough to turn camstary
 When we're old and doited.
 Now's the season, &c."

III.

Butler put about the claret,
 Thro' us all divide and share it,
 Gordon Castle well can spare it,
 It has claret plenty.

Wine's the true inspiring liquor,
 Draffy drink may please the Vicar,
 When he grasps the foaming bicker,
 Vicars are not dainty.
 Wine's the true, &c.

IV.

We'll extol our noble master
 Sprung from many a brave ancestor,
 Lord preserve him from disaster,
 So we pray in duty.

Prosper too our pretty Dutchess
 Safe from all distressful touches,
 Keep her out of Plato's clutches,
 Long in health and beauty.
 Prosper too our, &c.

V.

Angels guard their gallant boy,
Make him long his father's joy,
Sturdy like the heir of Troy,
Stout and brisk and healthy.

Pallas grant him every blessing,
Wit and size and strength increasing,
Plutus what's in thy possessing,
Make him rich and wealthy.
Pallas grant, &c.

VI.

Youth solace him with thy pleasure
In refin'd and worthy measure,
Merit gain him choicest treasure
From the Royal Donor.

Famous may he be in story,
Full of days and full of glory,
To the grave when old and hoary
May he go with honour.
Famous may, &c.

VII.

Gordons join your hearty praises,
Honest, tho' in homely phrases,
Love our chearful spirits raises
Lofty as the lark is;

Echoes waft our wishes daily
Thro' the grove and thro' the alley
Sound o'er every hill and valley
Blessings on our Marquis.
Echoes waft, &c.

O TIBBIE I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

I.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day,
Ye would na been fae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
Bat troth I carena by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spakena, but gaed by like stour,
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye would na been fae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
Bat troth I carena by.

II.

I doubt na, lass, but ye mav think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me wi' a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye would na been fae shy,
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
Bat troth I carena by.

III.

But sorrow tak' him that's fae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean,
That looks fae proud and high.



(8)

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day.
Ye would na been sae shy ;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
Bat troth I carena by.

IV.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If he want gowd, that yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye would na been sae shy ;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
Bat troth I carena by.

V.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear,
Be better than the ky.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye would na been sae shy ;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
Bat troth I carena by.

VI.

O Tibbie, ye're o'er-fu' o' spice,
Your daddie's gear makes you o'er nice,
But deil a ane wad speir your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

VII.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gi'e her in her fark,
For you and a' your fifty mark,
That gars ye look sae shy.

O Tibbie, &c.

F I N I S .

**THE
S P E E C H
OF
KING ROBERT THE BRUCE
TO HIS TROOPS;**

**TO URGE THEM ON TO FIGHT WITH
KING EDWARD II.**

**AND HIS FORMIDABLE HOST, AT THE
EVER MEMORABLE
BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN,
FOUGHT ON THE 25th OF JUNE, 1314.**

BY ROBERT BURNS,

THE AYRSHIRE POET.

**To which is added,
THE TWO LAMPS:**

A FABLE.



**GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY**

Brash & Reid.

THE SPEECH OF
KING ROBERT THE BRUCE
TO HIS TROOPS,
AT THE
BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.



Tune—"O send Lewis Gordon hams."

I.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled;
Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led:
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!

II.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach, proud EDWARD's power,
EDWARD! chains and slaverie!

III.

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

IV.


Wha for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

V.

By Oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall, they shall be free !

VI.

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward ! let us do, or die !




THE TWO LAMPS:

A FABLE.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

The design of which is, to exemplify the difference between that which is the result of education and sentiment, and mere corporeal proportion.



ERE yet hypocrisy and art
 Have wrapp'd in treble brass the heart,—
 The natural intercourse suppress'd
 Between the countenance and breast ;
 Each motion of the mind we trace
 By her interpreter, the face.

Rage, envy, malice, 'tis agreed,
 Are passions he that runs may read ;
 These on the passive forehead make
 Impressions that we can't mistake ;
 Changing the human face divine—
 A Nero, for an Antonine.

Ev'n Socrates himself confess'd,
 Tho' wisdom had reform'd his breast,
 No after study could efface
 The lineaments of vile and base ;
 Such once he was, and these were seen
 Indelible in look and mien :
 Proofs that deformity proclaim
 Moral and personal the same.

These warn the parent to commence,
 With the first orient dawn of sense,
 The work of beauty ; now begin
 To sow the seeds of grace within,
 While, guiltless of a weed, the soil
 With all its powers may bless your toil.

First filial piety impart,
 With gratitude inform their heart,
 And love for you ; these rooted there
 Shall bloom o'er all their face and air :—
 The features melt, and each be deck'd
 With lovely meekness and respect.

Let pity be an early theme :
 Ah ! teach the decent tear to stream
 For other's wo : a selfish mind
 The whole hard countenance will bind

And petrify—a sullen gloom
 Spreading o'er nature's fairest bloom,
 The eye sinks dead, the cold blood streaks,
 Ineloquent the frozen cheeks;
 But let benevolence controul,
 Dilate, and dignify the soul,
 The face, illumin'd by the mind,
 (Angels are fair because they're kind),
 With ever-varying grace is found
 To beam light, life, and love around.
 It tunes the voice, and every tone
 Is Philomela's warbled moan.

What colours shall the Muse supply
 To paint the phrafeless dignity,
 The awful, yet engaging mien
 Of injur'd innocence within,
 And conscious worth? by heaven's intent
 At once their guard and ornament.

So, on some meadow's banky side,
 Where Flora reigns in artless pride,
 The same rich beam that shews the bloom,
 Creates the colour and perfume.

Soon as fair friendship's holy spell
 Has taught the little heart to swell,
 To ev'ry feature 'twill supply
 A corresponding harmony,
 Cast the whole countenance anew,
 Tho' soft'ning, yet ennobling too.

But chief Devotion's hallow'd duties
 Must crown and beautify their beauties;

Hence, redolent of joy serene,
 Divine love's elevated mien ;
 Hence peace and genuine honour spread
 Their blended glories round the head ;
 Hence the meek eye with hope replete,
 Yet beaming with a seraph's heat ;
 Th' Elysian glow and every grace
 Thron'd in the true Madona face.

So, poets feign, *Prometheus* stole
 From heaven his animating coal.

Parent ! ere yet their features fix,
 Or folly with the heart can mix,
 For in a tainted vessel pour'd,
 The generous infusions's sour'd—
 Be these thy arts ; their souls refine,
 And all the Calipœdia's* thine ;
 For Virtue's self (so Plato thought)
 To visible existence brought,—
 This, this is Beauty—must be so,
 Or beauty's but a name below.
 A suiting body it creates,
 Pervades, illumines, assimilates.

Thus the warm virgin-wax receives
 Th' impression that the signet gives ;
 Now a chaste Vestal seems, and now
 The Goddess of the painted bow ;
 Now bears aloft the plumy crest,
 And all Minerva stands confess'd ;

* *A Latin poem so called, teaching the art of having
 beautiful children.*

Now the majestic wife of Jove,
 And now the Queen of Grace and Love ;
 Her fairy Cupids hovering round,
 With tiny shafts prepar'd to wound,
 Sportive o'er all her person straying,
 Now on her cheek or bosom playing,
 Now in her beamy eyes they meet,
 Ambrosial hands or silver feet.

'Twas at a miser's cold abode,
 Two crystal urns survey'd the road ;
 This shone (while that was void and damp)
 Conscious of oil and fire—a LAMP.
 For shew he plac'd them, nothing loth,
 But ah ! th' expence to light them both,
 He saw by calculation clear,
 At this per day, was that per year.

The beamless vase, when night prevail'd,
 Her unimportance thus bewail'd ;
 " Too partial Fate ! why doom to me
 " This odious, dull obscurity ?
 " Here many a tedious night I've hung,
 " Nor blest'd by old, nor prais'd by young ;
 " To me scarce one kind glance is given,
 " While like the moon, that *lamp of heav'n*,
 " My sister of congenial glass,
 " Wins all the hearts of all that pass.
 " Suppose her station they revere,
 " I boast the same exalted sphere ;
 " Do they with awe her crown behold,
 " Her dress of blue, distinct with gold ?
 " These gave her not superior fame,
 " Her ornaments and mine the same.

" 'Tis not her easy shape and air,
 " Her swelling bosom heavenly clear,
 " Her smoother polish, brighter hue;
 " No; for in these we're hardly two.
 " Yet while she sits triumphant by,
 " The *Cynosure* * of every eye, * *North star.*
 " I'm seen, if seen, with scorn alone,
 " May fall unmis'd, or stand unknown.
 " Speak, dotards, speak, the diff'rence shew,
 " Or own caprice rules all below."

' Sister, forbear, the other cried,
 ' To tell the world you're mortifi'd.
 ' Envy no votaries shall gain,
 ' It scarce has pity for its pain.

' 'Tis not indeed my fairer frame,
 ' No native excellence I claim;
 ' 'Tis not my body's happier mold,
 ' More polish'd, pure, or rich with gold;
 ' In these one character's our due,
 ' You fair as I, I frail as you:
 ' And yet while you neglected sit,
 ' Or but the theme of taunting wit,
 ' I fix the traveller's ardent gaze,
 ' Have all his blessing all his praise.

' What can this different treatment win?
 ' Sure, sister, 'tis the *light within*."



R. W

THE
COCKED PISTOL:

FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO MR. JAMES MORTON,

Precentor in the Abbey Kirk, Paisley,

REQUESTING HIS ADVICE ON

MATRIMONT;

WITH

HIS ANSWER,

CONTAINING

RULES FOR CHUSING A WIFE.

The Letter-gas of Haly Rhyme,

Sat up at the beard-head,

And a' he said was thought a crime

To contradict indeed.

For in clark lear he was right prime,

And cou'd baith write and read.

CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN;

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

EPISTLE TO J. M.

PAISLEY.



I.

DEAR Friend, ye'll hardly now remember,
You wrote to me in last December;
But my Muse, could as deeing ember,
Had tint her spunk,
Or turn'd as lazy, lith and member,
As ane dead drunk.

II.

Your blythe Epistle then I got,
As nice, I wat, as e'er was wrote,
Which I have without flaw or blot
Lodg'd in my min',
And learn'd quite perfect a' by rot,
Nae mair to tine.

III.

I'm glad to hear ye hae your HEALTH,
As that's "superior far to wealth,"
To keep it—shun a' secret stealth
That *Quacks* pretend,
And put nae faith in a' the filth
That *Doctors* vend.

IV.

Waes me! for these poor luckless chiefs,
Compell'd to fight with drugs and pills,

Young harum-skarum daft run deels;
To pleasure slaves;
For its pursuit o'er mony wheels
To timeless graves.

V.

A youngster stands on kittle ground,
Strong the temptations him surround,
And in such pleasing shapes abound,
Alas! on trial,
How shall he to them a' be found
To give denial?

VI.

For sometime past, I've ta'en a notion,
On viewing Time in fleeting motion,
And single life a tasteless potion,
And far frae good,
To some sweet lass to pay devotion
In serious mood.

VII.

For as temptations are fae rise,
To shun them a', I'd wish a wife,
Wha'd half with me the ills of life,
As weel's its joys,
And bring me, to keep down a' strife,
Sweet girls and boys.

VIII.

Yet I wad rather bide my fate,
Than join in matrimonial state,
With an ill-temper'd, canker'd mate,
Of captious mood;
For then, I'm sure, I'd fine the gate
Of a' that's good.

IX.

O how disgusting 'tis to see
 A man and wife who disagree!
 They scratch and fight, and 'till they die
 Ne'er end their ails,
 Just like twa cats hung o'er a tree
 Tied by the tails.

X.

But O, how happy is the youth,
 Whose mate does all his sorrows soothe;
 His tide of life glides on full smooth!
 Her native charms,
 Sweet-smiling innocence and truth,
 Delight his arms.

XI.

O may such happy fate be mine,
 As, aft ye've tauld me has been thine,
 At Fortune then I'll ne'er repine,
 Whate'er she gie,
 Nor care how aft she wane or shine,
 A brown babee.

XII.

This subject's of such serious sort,
 I beg ye'll think me not in sport,
 But send that full and wise report
 Ye weel can give,
 And trowth, my friend, I'll thank ye for't
 As lang's I live.

XIII.

Waes me, I now my pen maun drop,
 Tho' very brith I am to stop,

But he that's hurried in a shop
 Buying and selling,
 Dare not to gie dame Fancy scope,
 Tho' e'er sae willing.

XIV.

Meantime, that Marriage mayna stan',
 I beg ye'll write me, free aff han',
 In hamely verse, your wisest plan,
 And I'll be steady,
 For, like a COCKED PISTOL, man
 I'm just as ready.

GLASGOW.

W. R.



A N S W E R

FROM J. M. PAISLEY,

TO THE PRECEDING EPISTLE,

CONTAINING RULES FOR CHUSING A WIFE.



I.

WHANE'ER, my Friend, I coost my e'e
 On thy Epistle sent to me,
 In style sae pithy, frank and free,
 Sae couth and clever,
 I swore that ye in poetrie
 Wad shine for ever.

II.

Your caution's gude my "health to raise;
 "Mind not what Quack or Doctor says."
 As I hae feckly a' my days

Kend nae disease,

I pity ony chiel wha pays

Their costly fees.

III.

Wow but it gied me joy to hear
 Your reasoning sae just and clear
 On youth's temptations, which I fear

O'er few withstand;

A wife's the thing a man to chear

In love's fast band.

IV.

Few rules for courting ye can need,
 While on your shouthers sic a head,
 Sin' ye are not o'er-run wi' greed

O' gowd and filler,

Woo wha ye like, ye maun come speed,

Gin ye haud till 'er.

V.

But O! avoid a gilly-gawky,
 Or fast indulged mammie's tawpy,
 Perchance inclin'd to taste the whauky:

And ne'er ca' thine

Her wha parades upo' the causeway,

For sake o' shine.

VI.

Wale not a wit—and shun an ase,
 But take some thrifty sonfy lase,

Wha lets not precious minutes pass
 Hersel' adorning,
 By glowering twa hours in the glass
 On ilka morning.

VII.

Altho' misfortune's should be rise,
 Still hath the married man best life,
 For 'midst a' Fortune's plague and strife,
 He still hath pleasure,
 And finds his thrifty virtuous wife
 A real treasure.

VIII.

Gin sic a gude lass fill your arms,
 Ye'll never tire o' her sweet charms;
 Your mind she'll strive in all alarms
 To mak' it easy,
 And keep ye out o' many harms
 That fair might teeze ye.

IX.

How great's the pleasure of this life
 Blest with a chaste and virtuous wife,
 When pledges of your love su' rise
 Tott round the table,
 Lispering their sma' tauk free o' strife,
 As weel's they're able.

X.

When to your meals ye do come in,
 Ye'll a' things in nice order fin',
 Your childer a' ambitious rin,
 To jump your knees,
 And every thing the house within,
 Conspires to please.

XI.

And then when ye come hame at e'en,
 The fire is brisk, the hearthstane clean,
 And every thing a' braw and been,
 The weans too bedded;
 Syne down ye sit, and crack bedeen,
 How a's been fteaded.

XII.

Compare this wi' these stupid chiels,
 Wha're fighting close wi' drugs and pills,
 And rin to ruin on their heels,

O fy for shame!
 I notice that ye ca' them de'ils,
 I do the same.

XIII.

To Marriage then, mak nae mair stand,
 But tak' some lassie by the hand,
 Tho' neither rich in gowd or land,
 To her haud steady,
 As PISTOL COCK'D, and on demand,
 My lug she's ready.

XIV.

Now, my gude friend, as an adieu,
 I'll say I've gi'en advice to you,
 Which I am sure ye'll never rue,
 As lang's ye live:
 On trial, if 'tis not found true,
 Me ne'er believe.



THE
BEAUTIFUL EPISODE
OF
PALEMON & LAVINIA,
FROM
THE SEASONS,
BY
JAMES THOMSON.

BEING ONE OF THE MOST ADMIRABLE PARTS OF
THAT INIMITABLE POEM.

To which are added,
THE OLD BACHELOR.
AND
VERSES
ON
HEALTH.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

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PALEMON



AND

LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth;
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay save Innocence and Heav'n,
She with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.

Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily or the mountain-snow.

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Pelemion's fields. The pride of swains
 Pelemion was! the generous, and the rich!
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.

He then, his fancy with Autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,
 With unaffected blushes, from his gaze.

He saw her charming; but he saw not halt
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.

That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

"What pity? that so delicate a form,
 "By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense,
 "And more than vulgar Goodness, seem to dwell,
 "Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 "Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 "Of old Acasto's line, and to my mind
 "Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 "From whom my liberal fortune took its rise,
 "Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
 "And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.

"'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 "Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 "Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 "His aged widow and his daughter live,
 "Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 "Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran;
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold,
 And as he view'd her, ardent o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once.

Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains?
 “ She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 “ So long in vain? O heavens! The very same,
 “ The softened image of my noble friend;
 “ Alive his every look, his every feature,
 “ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring,
 “ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 “ That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah where,
 “ In what sequestered desert hast thou drawn
 “ The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven!
 “ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
 “ Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 “ Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
 “ O let me now into a richer soil
 “ Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
 “ Diffuse their warmest, largest influence,
 “ And of my garden be the pride and joy!
 “ Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 “ Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 “ Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,

"The father of a country, thus to pick
 "The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 "Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.

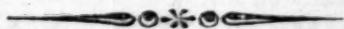
"Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 "But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
 "The fields, the master, all, my Fair! are thine,
 "If to the various blessings which thy house
 "Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 "That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.

The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 'The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her withered veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours;
 Not less enraptured than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

THE OLD BACHELOR.



I.

IT dings a' dealers in sublime,
To paint with powers of prose or rhyme
His keen compunction for his crime
And melancholy,
Wha's lost his glorious youthful prime
In thoughtless folly.

II.

What Bachelor that ever liv'd
But in the end was forely griev'd,
With faul and body a' mischiev'd
Turn'd auld and frail,
Of every joy on earth bereav'd,
And life grown stale.

III.

For who regards the piteous moan
Of the Old Fool who lies alone?
Lamenting youth and vigour gone
He sits forlorn,
Like a grey raven cowering on
A blasted thorn.

IV.

Then point me out a Lass that's gude,
Wha's bragg is not of gentle blood,
And is not of a crabbed mood,
Or temper sour,
I'll marry her—by a' that's good,
In half an hour.



ON HEALTH.

BY

JAMES THOMSON,

AUTHOR OF THE SEASONS.



I.

AH! what avail the largest gifts of heaven,
 When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
 How tasteless then whatever can be given?
*Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And exercise of health.* In proof of this
 Behold the wretch, who flugs his life away;
 Soon swallow'd in diseases sad abyfs;
 While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
 Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

II.

O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
 Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind:
 The morning rises gay; with pleasing stealth,
 The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
 In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
 See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
 As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
 Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
 Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce
 breeds?

F I N I S.



THE
CHOICE OF A WIFE.

THE WAIL OF ELVINA:

AN ODE.

AND

INSCRIPTION FOR A RURAL ARBOUR,



"Ye Gods attend!—I long for honey,
" And all the sweets of Matrimony;
" But as I won't run helter-skelter,
" I wish to bargain for my balter.
" Assist, ye powers, who guide thro' life,
" And give a tender virtuous wife."



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY:

Brash & Reid.



THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

YE Gods attend!—I long for honey,
And all the sweets of matrimony:
But as I won't run helter-skelter,
I wish to bargain for my halter.

Affist, ye powers, who guide thro' life,
And give a tender virtuous wife.
No forward mynx, with giggling air,
Whose tongue an inch or two might spare;
Lavish of dress, yet never clean,
Intent to see and to be seen,
Whose heart beats *pat*—produce a man,
She'd teaze me as she plagues her fan.
No formal prude, with decent smile,
Emblem of innocence and guile.

No squeamish Miss, who can't bear health;
With coffers fill'd with store of wealth.
Tho' jolly, blooming, fair, and fat,
An *beirefs* must be delicate.
I want not flippant vain conceit,
Nor those who wont at table eat;
Or, by the jing, I'll be her sentry,
Whene'er she steals off to the pantry.

I hate malevolence and pride,
 Tho' wealth sits dangling by her side.
 Keep far from me a damsel stupid,
 Or make me deaf, thou devil Cupid!
 Nor give, to make me most unhappy,
 The lass whom Scotsmen call a *taupy*.

I want not passion ever blind,
 Nor one who leaves her sex behind.
 Tho' blest with millions—what are riches,
 If I must feel she wears the breeches?
 Send me a pair of eagle's wings,
 To shun those who shun sacred things.
 That heart must be devoid of good,
 Who flies from heaven and gratitude.
 But she who tastes of love divine,
 Sure never could prove false to mine.

Keep to yourselves Miss Affectation,
 Or she who flights for provocation;
 Like yonder beauty, lo! she comes;
 A murmur hastens thro' the rooms;
 Look at the pretty smirking creature,
 Well placing ev'ry shadowy feature;
 For 'tis the glass that gives her art,
 And paint and patches make her smart;
 Behold she smiles—now scarce is civil—
 The angel now—and now the devil.

On all she deals some mark of favour,
 The *puppies* gape, but none will have her:
 Her lot will be, if married, cares,
 If not, the jilt must walk up stairs,

And take her stocking, primly sitting,
And mind her monkey or her kitten.

The fly coquet whom grace adorns,
Would fill my dreams with horns, horns, horns,
Give me no languid squeamish creature,
Wearied for ay, reverse of nature:
But let me choose—The girl for me,
Must wear *auld-fashio'n'd* modesty;
Sweet, kind, and virtuous, ever pleas'd,
Nor e'er with jealous humours seiz'd;
Soft, winning soft, not prone to speak,
Where blushes deck the lovely cheek;
Accomplish'd, innocent and gay,
Devoid of airs, nor bent on play;
Who could a household well attend,
Yet be a comforter and friend.

She would excuse my foibles all;
If large, her love would make them small;
Whose every word some good instills,
With learning that ne'er saw *novels*;
Winning always by her yielding;
Heav'n! what a castle am I building?
Give me fortune, give me favour;
Do be kind and let me have her.

When marriage springs from such a source,
Ne'er will the world behold divorce;
But joy will conquer envious strife,
And peace be kept 'twixt man and wife.

THE WAIL OF ELVINA:

AN ODE.

I.

WHAT time the soft-ey'd star of eve
Gleam'd on the gently trembling wave,
From Bara's isle the fighting gale
Wafted Elvina's rueful wail:
Forlorn her lovely locks she tore,
And pour'd her sorrows on the desert shore.

II.

'Ye rocks,' she cried, 'ye shelving caves,
'Whose sides the briny billow laves;
'Ye cliffs far frowning o'er the deep,
'Ye lonesome isles,—to you I weep;
'Far distant from my father's halls,
'The tow'rs of Moran and my native walls.

III.

'O Moran are thy warriors fled!
'Dismal and dark their narrow bed;
'Silent they sleep,—the north wind, cold,
'Blows dreary o'er their crumbling mold;
'Silent they sleep, no dawning day
'Visits the grave, or wakes their shrouded clay.'

IV.

At dead of night a cry was heard,
 ‘ O why was Moran unprepar’d!
 ‘ No watchman on the castle wall,
 ‘ No wakeful warrior in the hall;
 ‘ At dead of night the crafty foe
 ‘ Rush’d from the main, and struck the vengeful blow.

V.

‘ To arms! cried Moran, but in vain!
 ‘ I saw my warlike brothers slain!
 ‘ I saw my father’s bosom gor’d;
 ‘ By Cadwal’s num’rous host o’erpow’r’d
 ‘ He fell; and from the gushing wound,
 ‘ Reeking and red, his life blood stream’d around.

VI.

‘ Mingling with smoke I saw the fire
 ‘ Along the rending walls aspire;
 ‘ Now rage impetuous in the hall,
 ‘ (I heard the crashing rafters fall!)
 ‘ Now o’er the roof and turrets high,
 ‘ It blazes fierce and furious to the sky!

VII.

‘ O spare a helpless maiden, spare;
 ‘ The orphan’s piteous pleadings hear!
 ‘ They bore me thence.—My streaming eyes
 ‘ Beheld these awful cliffs arise:
 ‘ Foul ravisher!—Ye rocks, ye waves,
 ‘ O save me, hide me in your lonely caves!

VIII.

'Foul ravisher!—yet pale dismay
 'And vengeance mark thee for their prey
 'Unnerv'd, appall'd by conscious fear,
 'Remorse shall drive thee to despair;
 'My spirit, wailing in the blast,
 'Shall shake the counsels of thy guilty breast.'

IX.

'Twas thus she wail'd,—till, by degrees,
 The voice came broken in the breeze:
 The seaman, piteous of her wo,
 Turn'd to the shore his friendly prow;
 But long, alas! ere dawn of day,
 The voice grew weak, and feebly died away.

INSCRIPTION FOR A RURAL ARBOUR,

BY A

GENTLEMAN OF INDIA.

I.

HEEDLESS wanderer, come not here
 With clamorous voice, or footstep rude;
 For Harmony's sweet sake forbear
 To violate this solitude.

II.

For ne'er the Nightingale forsakes
 This haunt when hawthorn blossoms spring;
 Veil'd in the shade of tangled brakes,
 She calls her nestlings forth to sing.

III.

Hark ! catch you not their warbling wild,
That softly flow the leaves among?
Now loudly shrill, now sweetly mild,
The descant of their thrilling song.

IV.

The earliest primrose of the year,
Beneath delights in flowers to spread;
The clust'ring hare-bell lingers near
The cowslip's dew-bespangled bed.

V.

And whilst the western gales allay
The keenness of the noon-tide heat,
They tell where pleas'd to shun the day,
The violet scents her low retreat.

VI.

If tempted by the twilight shade
Beneath the smooth-leaf'd beach to stray,
Soon will the charms that dress the glade
Bring sweet oblivion of your way.

VII.

But, heedless wand'rer, come not here,
This feast was not prepar'd for thee;
Unless thy heart feels nought more dear
Than nature and simplicity.



THE
LAMENTATION
OF
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND,
WHEN CONFINED IN
LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

To which are added,
AN ODE TO DEATH
LUCKLESS JEAN.
A NEW SONG.

AND
AN EPITAPH,
INTENDED FOR THE MONUMENT
OF
SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.



THE
LAMENTATION
OF
QUEEN MARY.

I.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
These walls can but echo my moan;
Alas! it encreases my pain,
When I think on the days that are gone.

II.

Through the grate of my prison I see,
The birds as they wanton in air,
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with despair.

III.

Above the oppress'd by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Though fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to these.

IV.

False sister, in ages to come
 Thy malice detested shall be;
 And when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

V.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay
 With silence and solitude dwell;
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell.

VI.

The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 O Mary, prepare thee to die,
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

O D E

to

D E A T H,



I.

THOU, whose remorseless rage,
 Nor vows, nor tears assuage,
TRIUMPHANT DEATH!—to thee I raise
 The bursting notes of dauntless praise!—

Methinks on yonder murky cloud
 Thou sit'st, in majesty severe!
 Thy regal robe a ghastly shroud!
 Thy right-arm lifts th' insatiate spear!
 Such was thy glance, when, erst as from the plain,
 Where INDUS rolls his burning sand,
 Young AMMON led the victor train,
 In growing lust of fierce command:
 As vain he cried with thundering voice,
 " *The World is mine, rejoice, rejoice,*
 " *The World I've won!*"—Thou gav'st the withering nod,
 Thy FIAT smote his heart—he sunk—a senseless clod!

II.

" *And art thou great?*"—Mankind replies,
 With sad assent of mingling sighs!
 Sighs, that swell the biting gales
 Which sweep o'er LAPLAND's frozen vales!
 And the red TROPIC's whirlwind heat
 Is with the sad assent replete!
 How fierce yon Tyrant's plumy crest!
 A blaze of gold illumines his breast,
 In pomp of threat'ning pow'r elate,
 He madly dares to spurn at Fate!
 But—when Night, with shadowy robe,
 Hangs upon the darken'd globe,
 In his chamber—sad—alone,
 By starts, he pours the fearful groan!
 From flatt'ring crowds retir'd—he bows the knee,
 And mutters forth a pray'r—*because* he THINKS OF THEE!

III.

GAYLY smiles the NUPTIAL Bow'r,
 Bedeck'd with many an od'rous flow'r:

While the spousal pair advance,
 Mixing oft the melting gaze,
 In fondest ecstasy of praise.
 Ah! short delusive trance!
 What tho' the festival be there;—
 The rapt Bard's warblings fill the air;
 And joy and harmony combine!
 TOUCH BUT THY TALISMAN, and ALL IS THINE!
 Th' infelicitate lovers fix in icy fold,
 And on his throbbing lyre, the Minstrel's hand is cold!

IV.

'Tis THOU can'st quench the Eagle's sight,
 That stems the cataract of light!
 Forbid the vernal buds to blow—
 Bend th' obedient forest low—
 And tame the monsters of the main;
 Such is thy potent reign!
 O'er earth, and air, and sea!
 Yet, art thou still DISDAIN'D BY ME,
 And, I have reason for my scorn;
 Do I not hate the rising morn;
 The garish noon; the eve serene;
 The fresh'ning breeze; the sportive green,
 The painted pleasures' throng'd resort!
 And all the splendors of the court!
 And has not SORROW chose to dwell
 Within my hot heart's central cell;
 And are not HOPE's weak visions o'er,
 Can Love, or Rapture reach me more?
 Then tho' I scorn thy stroke—I call thee FRIEND,
 For in thy calm embrace, my weary woes shall end.

LUCKLESS JEAN.

A NEW SONG.

Tune.—*Logan Water.*

I.

WHEN wars shrill trumpet ca'd to arms,
And Britain bade fair freedom yield,
Young Colin won by loon's alarms
Fled far to seek the tented field.

II.

My heart was laith to bid adieu,
And aft the tears stole frae my een!
Three times he cried sweet lass be true,
Syne tore himself frae luckless Jean.

III.

Blythe Spring awakes the tuneful groves,
And gowans deck the meadows gay,
Whilst Jean unpitied lonely roves
And thinks on him that's far away!

IV.

Auld Nature's smiles could pleasure gie
 When Colin woo'd me on the green;
 Ilk season brought new joys to me,
 But pleasure's fled from luckless Jean!

V.

Nae mare the blythsome lilt I hear
 Of younker's singing at the plough!
 A' round me seems a desart drear,
 Where waving plenty met my view.

VI.

When e'er I steal along the burn,
 Where aft fae merry I hae been,
 Ilk mavis seems wi' me to mourn,
 Ilk lintwhite pities luckless Jean!

VII.

How lang will poor deluded man
 Against his brither draw his sword!
 To shield a base oppressive clan,
 The titled knave and pamper'd lord.

VIII.

Come, meek ey'd Peace! thy olive wave,
 Lang time a wand'rer hast thou been,
 Thy smiles frae death may thousands save
 And bring her love to luckless Jean!

E P I T A P H,
 INTENDED FOR THE MONUMENT
 OF
 SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

BY MR. JOHN TAYLOR,
 LATE WRITING MASTER
 IN GLASGOW.

APPROACH, ye Wife of Soul, with Awe Divine!
 'Tis NEWTON's Name that consecrates this Shrine:
 That Sun of Knowledge, whose Meridian Ray
 Kindled the Gloom of Nature into Day.
 That Soul of Science, that unbounded Mind!
 That Genius which exalted human Kind!
 Confest Supreme of men! his Country's Pride.
 And half esteem'd an Angel—till he dy'd:
 Who in the Eye of Heav'n, like *Enoch* stood,
 And thro' the paths of Knowledge walk'd with God:
 Who made his Fame a Sea without a Shore,
And but forsook this World to know the Laws of more.

F I N I S.



THE
T E A R S
OF
S C O T L A N D.

COMPOSED AFTER THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN,

BY DOCTOR SMOLLET.

c

To which are added,

THE TRIPPLE PLEA.

THE ROBIN.

BY A GENTLEMAN IN PAISLEY.

AND

VERSES TO A MOTH,

PLUTTERING ABOUT A CANDLE.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.



THE
T E A R S
OF
S C O T L A N D.

I.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;

Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.

Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

III.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?

Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night.

No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

V.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his children's blood.

Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel.

VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death;
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
 The bleak wind whistles round her head
 Her helpless orphan's cry for bread;

Bereft of shelter, food, and friend;
 She views the shades of night descend;
 And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

VII.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
 Resentment of my country's fate
 Within my filial breast shall beat;

And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow:
 "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 "Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."



THE
TRIPPLE PLEA.

I.

LAW, PHYSIC, and DIVINITY,

Being in dispute, cou'd not agree
To settle, which among them three
Shou'd have the Superiority.

II.

LAW pleads he does preserve men's lands,
And all their goods from rav'nous hands:
Therefore of right challenges he,
To have the Superiority.

III.

PHYSIC prescribes recipes for health,
Which men prefer before their wealth,
Therefore of right challenges he,
To have the Superiority.

IV.

Then strait steps up the **PRIEST** demure,
Who of men's Souls takes care and cure,
Therefore of right challenges he,
To have the Superiority.

V.

If JUDGES end this TRIPPLE PLEA,
 The LAWYERS shall hear all the sway.
 If EMPIRICS their verdict give,
 PHYSICIANS best of all will thrive.

VI.

If BISHOPS arbitrate the case,
 The PRIESTS must have the highest place.
 If HONEST, SOBER, WISE MEN judge,
 Then ALL THE THREE away may trudge.

VII.

For let men live in peace and love,
 The LAWYERS tricks they need not prove.
 Let men forbear excess and riot,
 They need not feed on DOCTOR's diet.

VIII.

Let men attend what GOD doth teach,
 They need not care what PARSONS preach.
 But if men FOOLS and KNAVES will be,
 They'll be afs-ridden by ALL THREE.

THE ROBIN.

I.

'T WAS far i' the gloamin, and snell was the win,
 That Norlan' came laden wi' snaw,
 Deep nature lay smoor'd, and fu' dowie the fin,
 Had jogged his naiggies awa.

II.

The mirk face of night on the orient sky,
 Had muff'd the hills frae our sight,
 And drowilie shedding her gloom on the eye;
 Absorbed the relicks o' light.

III.

Ilka verdure, rest spray, carle winter jocosse,
 Had clad in his North kintra wear,
 On the winnocks in mockin had painted the rose;
 An' spring was reviv't i' the year.

IV.

A cheery bit Robin was perch'd on a spray,
 Amid the drear prospect an' fang,
 Contented it hail'd the dire eve o' the day,
 Tho' scawlan the blasts drave along.

V.

Can man, I reflected, be down cast or mourn,
 When the storm of adversity blows,
 Does he sadden at Fortune, and boast himself born
 With fortitude nobler than those.

VI.

His merit is false, his pretensions are vain,
 And poorly he calls himself great,
 Let the Robin's remembrance his folly restrain,
 And level his fancies of state.

V E R S E S

TO A

M O T H,

FLUTTERING ABOUT A CANDLE.

I.

VAIN flutt'ring Insect, pageant of an hour,
 Come, let me thwart thy self-destructive will;
Short are the pleasures in thy little pow'r,
 Yet thou wilt make them even *shorter* still.

II.

How apt an emblem of mistaken Man,
 When swells each vein with youth's empurpled tide:
 I see the semblance to my kindred clan,
 And own the folly shame would gladly hide.

III.

Both are attracted by an empty blaze;
Pleasure to Man, what *flame* to thee supplies;
 Each idly flutters in illusive rays,
 Then falls a victim, and repentant dies.



F I N I S.

THE
PILLAGED LINNETS.

ADDRESS TO A LINNET,

THAT CAME DOWN THE AUTHOR'S CHIMNEY.

VERSES ON CHARITY.

Ab! cruel Man—great Nature's plan:

Thou shamefully perverts;

But juster laws will try the cause,

And give thee thy deserts.

Tho' linnets here a humbler sphere

Are form'd to occupy,

As well as thee they're in the eye.

Of spotless Deity.



GLASGOW:
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THE PILLAGED LINNETS.

I.

ON yonder spray at close of day,
A lovely Linnet sat,
And perching near, in like despair,
Complain'd its cheerless mate.

II.

With drooping tail they jointly wail,
And wofully complain,
Since thro' the wood their chirping brood
Are carried o'er the plain.

III.

A cruel band, with savage hand,
Came forth from yonder town,
And without sigh or sympathy,
Pull'd the poor nestling's down.

IV.

In vain the shade held forth its aid,
To screen their downy bed,
An op'ning bough, to trust untrue,
Their secret haunt display'd.

V.

To grieve them sore, and wound them more,
The unrelenting crew
With triumph hung a chirper young,
Up in its parents' view.

VI.

With flutt'ring plume it meets its doom;
With suppliant note it cries;
Its tender frame it wreathes again,
Then droops its head and dies.

VII.

Then the fond pair the list'ning air
With lamentations rend;
No pitying eye stands witness by,
No hand to be their friend.

VIII.

Nought but the looks of savage brutes
Are witnessing the scene,
Who joyous spurn the piercing mourn
Of chirpers that complain.

IX.

Ah! cruel Man—great Nature's plan
Thou shamefully perverts;
But juster laws will try the cause,
And give thee thy deserts.

X.

Tho' linnets here a humbler sphere
Are form'd to occupy,
As well as thee they're in the eye
Of spotless Deity.

XI.

He form'd their throats, he gave them notes
To celebrate his praise,
Which daring thou wilt not allow
They to his name should raise.

XII.

Then do not think that he will wink,
Or so misplace his love
As smile on those who thus oppose
The worship of the grove.

ADDRESS TO A LINNET,

THAT CAME DOWN THE AUTHOR'S CHIMNEY.

*Be't mine, or bird, or beast, or man,
To make as happy as I can.*

I.

Poor burdie ! thou hast tint thy way,
Thy bonny wings o' filler gray,
An' a' thy downy plumage gay
Are row'd in foot ;
Waesuck ! for thee my heart is wae,
Thou'rt blin' to boot,

II.

But I shall clear thy cloated een,
An' dight thy clauty feathers clean,
Syne tak' thee to yon flow'ry green
An' let thee flee ;
The tuncfu' tribe like ay, I ween,
Sweet Heety !

III.

Wee feckless thing! what gart thee come,
An' dauner down my reeking lum?
Did howlet, hawk, or glade, or some
Blood thirsty creature,
Wi' starker beek, and fleeter plume,
Deem thee a Traitor.

IV.

Or did the skinkling pamper'd cage,
An' cosie bield thy heart engage,
Gif fae—become my fav'rite page,
On dainties feast;
In safety vent thy tunefu' rage,
Dame Nature's priest.

V.

Thy beating breast an' starting e'e,
Declare thou'rt greening to get free,
Nae kin'ly offers made by me
Win thy regard;
I winna gar thee pennance dree,
My brither Bard.

VI.

To see thee wrang'd I wad be laith,
I keeped thee frae bairnies lkaith;
Miss Badrons too wi' greedy wrath,
An' heart fae flinty,
Wad, but for me, hae been thy death,
My bonny Linty.

VII.

Sweet bird, I see, thou disna ken
 The dangers in the haunts o' men;
 Waes me there is na ane in ten,
 In schemes tho' rife,
 Wad mak' sic bickering butt an' benn,
 To save thy life.

VIII.

Whan thou regains the leafy sprays,
 Contented chaunt thy canty lays,
 O! ne'er again in Simmer days
 Parade the town,
 Nor e'er again, thy friendie prays,
 A lum flee down.

IX.

Now clap thy wings an' flee awa',
 Be sure to tell thy comrades a',
 Whan fiel's an' dibs are co'er'd wi' sna',
 An' icy bannoeks,
 They'll get ilk day a pick or twa,
 At JAMIE's winnocks.



VERSES ON CHARITY

I.

WHILE some attune the love-sick lay,
And soar where fancied pleasures dwell,
With thee, Compassion! would I stray,
Soft stealing to some lonely cell,
In search of humble modest grief,
And blushing when thou bring'st relief.

II.

The female mind, divinely kind,
Celestial beams when sorrows flow,
The honest heart devoid of art,
Cannot resist the tale of wo;
The kindred soul seeks comfort in the sky,
Wasted, exulting, on a feeling sigh.

III.

Want link'd to vice may pity claim,
And ask an off'ring from my hand,
Thy tears express that still thy aim
Is to relieve not reprimand:
A sister hir'd from virtue needs a tear,
For guilt and poverty are hard to bear.

But where begin? where all the beauties trace
 That charm the youthful fancy? Where but in
 His transcript of the Seasons? There we view
 The animated verse; the fervid thought;
 The just and pleasing metaphor, that steals
 In graceful raptures o'er th' enamour'd heart.

'Twere endless to recount the various charms
 That shine conspicuous in his matchless song,
 And court our observation; yet of those
 Most obvious and alluring let the Muse
 Shew in succession to th' astonished eye
 Of nice discrimination; thence to trace
 Some pleasing moral from the harmless lay.

See, in his Spring, how beautiful he paints
 The rural labour of the simple swain;
 Then bids the thoughtless sons of luxury
 Shew due respect "and venerate the plow!"
 Next, mark what philosophic judgment he displays
 In pointing out the regular advance
 Of vegetation, from the infant bud
 To the full blossom in the leafy shade.
 Much must remain unsung: yet why omit
 The Bard's description of the Golden Age,
 "Where reason and benevolence were law?"
 Can I pass over, with incurious eye,
 The portrait of Amanda; where each line
 Chains down attention to his magic lay?
 But let me haste to where the Poet sings
 'The Spring's mild influence on the mind of man,
 Whose feelings are alive to just reflexion;
 Who in his neighbour's wants can view his own,
 And feel a sympathy for all mankind.
 Thence, in a fine transition, sweetly flows,
 In copious strains, devoid of venal praise,
 A just eulogium on th' intrinsic worth
 Of virtuous Lyttleton, whose lib'ral heart
 Was ever prompt to succour and support

Virtue depress'd, or Merit left forlorn.
 It gives me joy to find superior worth
 Display'd in Thomson's everlasting song.
 But, O ye youth! for whom our Poet still
 Exerts his genius, pours his pleasing lay,
 Lose not the moral in the charms of song.
 He next essays to paint th' illusive joys,
 The madd'ning transports of illicit love;
 Where all the passions are subservient made
 To fetter and enchain the active soul.
 Ah, fly these scenes! and turn th' admiring eye
 To the chaste portrait of connubial bliss,
 Where ev'ry beauty language can convey
 Conspire to heighten and enhance the joy!
 For me, I blush not candidly to own,
 The beauteous picture so enchants my sense
 I read in rapture as my eyes o'erflow!
 What eye can gaze undazzled at the view
 Of fervid Summer; when ev'n Spring "averts
 Her blooming face!" And now the Bard
 Hastes to the cool retreat, and courts the aid
 Of inspiration. Arts like these prepare
 Th' attentive mind, and foster in the soul
 A taste for composition; conscious still
 That the Muse dictates what the verse conveys.
 The Bard, who copies Nature, always gains
 Our admiration and deserv'd applause.
 Who follows Nature, and pursues her walks,
 Takes up each image as it strikes the sense,
 And holds the faithful transcript to our sight,
 Whate'er of beauty to the vulgar eye
 Dispenses pleasure, this, when justly dress'd
 In all the magic of heroic verse,
 Is sure to charm, as 'tis reflecting back,
 With heighten'd lustre, what we lov'd before.
 What man, who thinks at all, but must adore
 That Pow'r who guides the planets in their course

Amid the flux of many thousand years,
Unvary'd in their motions! yet ev'n this,
Dress'd up in Thomson's lays, ne'er fails to please.

Who has not mark'd the beauteous train of thought
That prompts the lay when "meek-ey'd morn appears,
Mother of dews!" What makes these beauties please,
But that the Poet gives us back our thoughts
Embellish'd and adorn'd? For, be assur'd,
What pleases most must be in part our own.

I must pass over the seraphic hymn,
The glorious tribute, to the Orb of day;
In which is shewn, with admirable skill,
The vivid tints, the various rays of light,
Reflected from the surfaces of things.
The limits of my song will not admit
To dwell on lighter beauties; with regret,
I check the rising transport, conscious still
I do injustice to the Bard I love!

But who can view, without apparent dread,
Nature convuls'd; the livid lightning's glare;
And rattling thunder shake the astonish'd world!
Who can without emotion read the page
Where fine imagination has portray'd
The chaste Amelia, torn from the embrace
Of her lov'd Celadon! Who read their loves,
But must confess that Power which chains the mind
And rivets the attention; anxious still
To dwell enamour'd on the tender theme!

Nor let the prude, with supercilious air,
(Mere affectation!) check th' admiring swain,
Whose curious eye runs o'er the pleasing verse
Where Musidora, like Diana, laves
The limpid stream, fair emblem of herself!
Did ever Poet, on a theme like this,
Exert such pow'rs, and yet preserve the song
Inviolat and pure, as is the rose
Or virgin-lily, 'mid the morning dew!

In sweet transition, here the tuneful Bard
 Points out the Worthies who have added fame
 To Britain's annals by their martial deeds,
 Aided her Science, or improv'd her song,
 Nor are the British Fair forgot, but here
 Their beauties and their merit stand confess'd.
 Serene Philosophy, the soul of song,
 That surest guide to truth, closes the scene;
 And leaves the mind in pleasing transport lost,
 Intent to wonder, worship, and adore.

Ripe Autumn opens with the Doric reed
 Attun'd to rural labour. Still the Bard,
 With philanthropic love, raises the song
 To cheer the labour of the simple swain.
 A mind like his, alive to ev'ry sense,
 Survey'd mankind as brethren; all allied
 To one indulgent Father, who regards
 The monarch and the slave with equal eye.

The annual labours of the ripen'd field
 Calls forth our Poet's unexhausted pow'rs;
 And, in a chaste delightful episode,
 Adorns our language with enchanting tale
 Of young Lavinia. Say, ye British youth!
 Does any tale in modern novel charm,
 Or touch the heart with sympathy like this?
 Can any retrospect of conquer'd charms
 Inspire such transports of ingenuous joy,
 As when fair Virtue meets its just reward!

On ev'ry theme, the Bard of Nature melts
 With kind compassion for another's woe.
 The feather'd tribes his tender pity share;
 He justly censures ev'ry wanton sport
 That brings untimely death; conscious he
 (Whatever daring sophists may advance)
 That rapine, oft repeated, steels the heart.
 Must not the sentimental sportsman blush
 At his poor conquest o'er the timid hare!

Our Poet next, in relaxation, sings,
 In burlesque strain, the great and noble chace;
 That makes the sportsman's heart with joy elate,
 And buries in oblivion all his cares.
 See with what tender caution how he warns
 The British Fair to shun these dang'rous sports,
 That ill become the softness of their sex;
 But in their native lustre always shine.

His heart still beats in unison with those
 Who follow Nature in her humble walks;
 Hence with the farmer he rejoices still,
 And sings in dulcet strains his "harvest-home."
 Their pastimes, too, are not beneath his care,
 But chants, like Maro, ev'ry rural sport.

But who can form a happier state on earth,
 Ev'n in idea, than the rural life
 So finely painted in his matchless song?
 Ambition, read; compare with this thy state;
 Then, in the scale of Reason, fairly weigh
 Thy splendid phantoms 'gainst his real joys.

Stern Winter, too, our Poet's first essay,
 Displays uncounted beauties; genius here
 Shines forth in strong description; manly sense;
 Bold metaphor; attemper'd with that charm
 Which always pleases, love of God and man:
 How strong each image presses on the sense,
 As Fancy's eye surveys the boiling wave
 Lash'd into foam with agitation fierce,
 Then bursting in a loud tremendous roar!
 Or, when on land the wat'ry deluge pours
 In dreadful torrents, sweeping in one train
 The just-earn'd labours of the peaceful hind.
 But see, the God of Nature, awful now
 And great amidst the storm, puts forth his hand;
 The ocean sleeps, and all the winds are still.

But keener tempests now pervade; and man,
 Obnoxious still to ev'ry wayward blast;

Feels the chill frost on all his senses seize;
 The drooping cattle pensive seek the shed,
 And in dumb silence let their wants be known.
 The red-breast, too, a humble refuge seeks,
 Makes man his friend, and craves his little dole;
 Sweet Bird! though simple thou and useless deem'd,
 Thou liv'st immortal in the Poet's lay.

But let me pass th' afflictive tale of woe
 That draws our feeling forth, where hapless now
 The poor benighted trav'ler breathless lies
 A victim to the storm's resistless rage,
 Th' unnumber'd miseries that prey on man,
 In his rough passage through this checquer'd scene,
 Press on the Poet's heart; hence we observe
 What just reflections usher from his mind,
 Alive to ev'ry virtue; panting still
 To meliorate each woe that mortals feel.
 And thou, great Howard! sacred to the Muse
 (Might she but dare t' interrogate thy shade,)
 Wast thou the first of all the "gen'rous band,
 Who, smit with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy goal?"
 No! Thomson wept their woes; and inward felt
 What sympathizing spirits only feel.
 His gen'rous mind was ever prompt to aid
 With counsel or with wit; to cheer distress;
 T' instruct, admonish, and to bless, mankind.



'Twas he too sang Britannia*; much she owes
 To his superior genius; for, his song
 Stoop'd not to party; but, aspiring still,
 And emulous to rouse her sleeping sons,
 Held up to view fair Liberty's bright form,
 Mild, yet majestic; bold as erst she shone
 In the bright forum of illustrious Rome.
 Through all this poem matchless beauties rise,
 And strong description marks each nervous line;

* Britannia, a poem.

Nor less the charms of allegory please
 Than the just maxims that his verse conveys.
 Hear what that Muse prophetically sings,
 And let each Briton ponder on the thought:

“ But, soon as Independence stoops the head,
 To vice enslav'd, and vice-created wants;
 Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
 These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds;
 From man to man the slack'ning ruin runs,
 Till the whole state, unnerv'd, in slav'ry sink †!”

Nor let the Muse forget the friendly lay
 To virtuous Talbot ‡ due; his high desert
 Stands fair recorded in pathetic verse,
 Unmixt with adulation. Thomson! thou
 Disdain'dst the venal song. Thy nobler soul
 Still rose superior to some low designs;
 Thy grateful heart, susceptible and firm,
 Imbib'd each strong impression; always felt
 The warm emotions of a mind furcharg'd
 With obligations, ne'er to be repaid.
 Hence glow'd the fervour of thy active soul,
 Diffusive, yet sincere; collecting all
 The noble virtues that adorn'd thy friend,
 His mild endearing manners, that attach'd
 Th' admiring audience, with each other pleas'd.
 Illustrious Bard! thrice happy they whose worth
 Procur'd the meed of thy immortal lays,
 To place their virtues in the strongest light,
 Still unimpair'd by time!
 But who shall thine rehearse! Say, who will rise
 With pow'rs sufficient to enrich the theme,
 And paint thy genuine merit, rising still
 As more thy beauties strike each ravish'd sense!

† See Liberty, a poem, part II. l. 495 to 500.

‡ See his poem to the memory of Lord Chancellor Talbot.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

BY

MR. TICKEL.

Tickell (Thos.)

To which is added,

A N E L E G Y

WRITTEN ON THE

PLAIN OF FONTENOY.

Of LEINSTER fam'd for maidens fair,

Bright LUCY was the grace;

Nor e'er did LIFFY's limpid stream

Reflect a fairer face.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

COLIN AND LUCY.



A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

I.

OF *Leinster* fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright *Lucy* was the grace;
Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid stream
Reflect a fairer face.

II.

'Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her dainty lip, her damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

III.

Ah! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd this slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

IV.

By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye flatt'ring swains, beware!

V.

Three times all in the dead of night
 A bell was hear'd to ring;
 And at her window, shrieking thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing.

VI.

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn-boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round.

VII.

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 " That cries I must not stay;
 " I see a hand you cannot see,
 " That beckons me away.

VIII.

" Of a false swain, and broken heart,
 " In early youth I die:
 " Am I to blame, because the bride
 " Is twice as rich as I?

IX.

" Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,
 " Vows due to me alone!
 " Nor thou, rash girl, receive his kiss,
 " Nor think him all thy own!

X.

" To-morrow in the church, to wed,
 " Impatient both prepare:
 " But know, false man, and know, fond maid,
 " Poor LUCY will be there.

XI.

"Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,
 " The bridegroom blithe to meet;
" He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 " I in my winding-sheet!"

XII.

She spoke, she dy'd, her corse was borne
 The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

XIII.

What then were COLIN's dreadful thoughts?
 How were these nuptials kept?
The bride's-men flock'd round LUCY dead,
 And all the village wept.

XIV.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He groan'd, he shook, he fell.

XV.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
 The varying crimson fled;
When, stretch'd beside her rival's corse,
 She saw her lover dead.

XVI.

He to his LUCY's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains;
In the same mould, beneath one sod,
 For-ever now remains.

XVII.

Of at this place the constant hind
 And plighted maid are seen;
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots
 They deck'd the sacred green.

XVIII.

But, swain foresworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd ground forbear!
 Remember COLIN's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

 E L E G Y,

WRITTEN ON THE

 PLAIN OF FONTENOY.

I.

CHILL blows the blast, and Twilight's dewy hand
 Draws in the West her dusky veil away;
 A deeper shadow steals along the land,
 And NATURE muses at the DEATH of DAY!

II.

Near this bleak Waste no friendly mansion rears
 Its walls, where Mirth and social joys resound,
 But each dim object melts the soul to tears,
 While Horror treads the scatter'd bones around.

III.

As thus, alone and comfortless I roam,
 Wet with the drizzling show'r; I sigh sincere,
 I cast a look towards my native home,
 And think what valiant BRITONS perish'd here.

IV.

Yes, the time was, not very far the date,
 When carnage here her crimson toil began;
 When Nations' Standards wav'd in threat'ning state,
 And Man the murd'rer met the murd'rer Man.

V.

For WAR is MURDER, tho' the voice of Kings
 Has styl'd it Justice, styl'd it Glory too!
 Yet from worst motives, fierce Ambition springs,
 And there, fix'd Prejudice is all we view!

VI.

But sure, 'tis Heaven's immutable decree,
 For thousands ev'ry age in fight to fall;
 Some NAT'RAL CAUSE prevails, we cannot see,
 And that is FATE, which we *Ambition* call.

VII.

O let th' aspiring Warrior think with grief,
 That as produc'd by CHYMIC art refin'd;—
 So glitt'ring CONQUEST, from the *laurel-leaf*
 Extracts a GEN'RAL POISON for Mankind.

VIII.

Here let him wander at the midnight hour,
 These morbid rains, these gelid gales to meet;
 And mourn like me, the ravages of Pow'r!
 And feel like me, that Vict'ry is defeat!

IX.

Nor deem, ye vain! that e'er I mean to swell
 My feeble Verse with many a sounding Name;
 Of such, the mercenary Bard may tell,
 And call such dreary desolation, Fame.

X.

The genuine Muse removes the thin disguise,
 That cheats the World, whene'er she deigns to sing;
 And full as meritorious to her eyes
 Seems the Poor Soldier, as the Mighty King!

XI.

Alike I shun in labour'd strain to show,
 How BRITAIN more than triumph'd, tho' she fled,
 Where LOUIS stood, where stalk'd the column flow;
 I turn from these, and DWELL UPON THE DEAD.

XII.

Yet much my-beating breast respects the brave;
 Too well I love them, not to mourn their fate,
 Why should they seek for greatness in the Grave?
 Their hearts are noble—and in life they're great.

XIII.

Nor think 'tis but in War the Brave excel,—
 To VALOUR EV'RY VIRTUE IS ALLIED!
 Here faithful Friendship 'mid the Battle fell,
 And Love, true Love, in bitter anguish died.

XIV.

Alas! the solemn slaughter I retrace,
 That checks life's current circling thro' my veins;
 Bath'd in moist sorrow, many a beauteous face;
 And gave a grief, perhaps, that still remains.

XV.

I can no more—an agony too keen
 Absorbs my senses, and my mind subdues,
 Hard were that heart which here could beat serene,
 Or the just tribute of a pang refuse.

XVI.

But lo! thro' yonder op'ning clouds afar
 Shoots the bright planet's sanguinary ray
 That bears thy name, FICTITIOUS LORD OF WAR,
 And with red lustre guides my lonely way.

XVII.

Then FONTENOY, farewell! Yet much I fear,
 (Wherever chance my course compels) to find
 Discord and blood—the thrilling sounds I hear,
 “The noise of battles hurtles in the wind.”

XVIII.

From barb'rous *Turkey* to *Britannia's* shore,
 Opposing int'rests into rage increase;
 Destruction rears her sceptre, tumults roar,
 Ah! where shall hapless man repose in peace?

FINIS.



INVOCATION
TO
MELPOMENE.

To which are added,
WINTER.

A SONG.

AND
A PROLOGUE

TO THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

BY ROBERT BURNS
OF HAMILTON.

*O guard my steps from Vice and Folly,
Thou who the polish'd deep-green holly,
Binds round the Poet's head;
O teach my soul that pleasing woe,
That joy which mourners only know,
Who tune the solemn reed.*

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following are the Poems already published, written by ROBERT BURNS of Hamilton, viz.

1. *The Echo of Friar's Carse Hermitage, an inscription for the ruins of Cadzow castle, on the banks of Avon near Hamilton.*
2. *Avon's Stream, a Dirge.*
3. *Address from the Genius of Caledonia to His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, on the supposition of a French Invasion.*
4. *Emma, a Song, on the approach of Summer.*
5. *Jenny, a Song.*
6. *Address to Clydesdale.*
7. *Kattie, a Song.*
8. *Ode to Temperance.*
9. *The Lover cured, a Song.*
10. *Anna, a Song.*

✿ All the above may be had of the Publishers, BRASS AND REID, Glasgow. Price Fourpence.



INVOCATION

TO

MELPOMENE.

L

O Thou affliction's peaceful friend,
Thy virtue-planting succour lend,
If pity will thee move,
And pity greatly pleads for youth,
And pity speaks this pointed truth
Woes me for luckless love.

Celestial Maid! O deign to hear,
Thy humble vot'ry's call,
Thou goddess of the briny tear
Which swelling I let fall.

O grant this—I want this,
Some soft poetic fire.
When wand'ring—meand'ring
—“ I wake the living lyre.”

II.

While Fortune's favour'd sons employ
 Their time, to catch the fleeting joy,
 That down life's stream does roll,
 While disappointments stern arise;
 While hopes delude, and then surprise
 The fond exulting soul :

Sequester'd I love-lorn stray
 By *Clyde*, or *Avon's* stream,
 There lost in shades, I pass the day,
 Beneath bright Phœbus' beam;

Still weeping—still keeping
 My fond love-plighted vows,
 In youth made—in truth made,
 Beneath impending boughs.

III.

O guard my steps from vice and folly,
 Thou who the polish'd deep-green holly,
 Binds round the poet's head;
 O teach my soul that pleasing woe,
 That joy which mourners only know,
 Who tune the solemn reed.

Teach me to soothe my bosom wrung
 Exploring Wisdom's card,
 Tracing thy page immortal Young!
 My dear, my fav'rite Bard:

There reading—and feeding
 With woe, my gloomy mind,
 Such pleasure—and treasure
 Mirths Vot'ries seldom find.

W I N T E R.

Tune. *Roslin Castle.*

I.

IT is not faithless Fortune's frown,
 Nor hopes of Fame so languid grown,
 That makes me shed the briny tear,
 And woe-consuming wander here.

But Summer's charms fallen to decay,
 Stern Winter now usurps the sway,
 With tyrant steps, I see him stride
 Along the bonnie banks of Clyde.

II.

The wood-nymphs mourn their foilage lost,
 By chill November's nipping frost,
 Their sighs I hear, their tears I see,
 When tempests bend the naked tree.

Down tumbling from yon heathy hill,
 The wonted sweetly gurgling rill
 With boiling foam, augments the tide,
 That overflows the banks of Clyde.

III.

While Winter raves with maniac roar,
 Or clouds discharge their flaky store,
 Forebodings cloud my soul, anon,
 To think life's Winter's hast'ning on.

When drooping age with haggard stare,
 Strikes joyless sorrow every where,
 This—this makes time so heavy glide,
 And saddens all the banks of Clyde.

 P R O L O G U E,

*To the Scots Pastoral Comedy of the Gentle Shepherd, or
 Patie and Rodger; written and spoken by ROBERT
 BURNS, in the Mason's Lodge of Hamilton, when that
 Comedy was performed there by a party of Tradesmen.*

SIRS, I'm a poor young thoughtless callan,
 Out o'er the lugs in love with ALLAN,
 And sic a fool, O strange to tell!
 Thinks every ane as daft's himsel.

My very saul at RAMSAY's name
 Taks fire, and mounts up in a flame,
 Auld Scotland's Muse, may shake her thysel,
 And brag how weel he blew the whisel,

And we'll do a' we can this night,
To gar his verses gingle right.

But stop, I hear, some Coxcomb say,
" Dem't, how can *Tradesmen* act a play?"
" They cannot read—they cannot spell,
" Dem them and their dull play to hell."

Tak leifure—Faith, I put nae question,
There's some folks here's heard MRS. EASTON,
Spin out the finish'd tragic line,
Have clapp'd their hands, and cry'd " DIVINE."

But gentle folks, ye maunna think
That sma yill swats is strong yill drink,
We dinna a' get routh o' gear,
To raise the laugh, or draw the tear,
Point blank, our motive here's diversion;
'To which mankind shaw nae aversion,
And tho' we canna tip the best,
I hope we'll no be counted warst.

Then come, my dear companion FUN,
For after THEE mad mortals run,
In various shapes they court thy fame,
And trowth I think they're no to blame.

Some loe the cards, and some the dice,
And some to curl upo' the ice,
Some loe the dancer's light heel'd bound,
Mad cap'ring to the fiddle's sound,

Some loe the cricket, some the ba',
 And some daft birkies loe them a'.
 For me, I loe to tread the stage,
 And fire the faul with ALLAN's page..

There, Patie's manly bosom glows,
 With love as pure's the dew wet rose,
 There Rodger bluntly tells his pain,
 While Jenny counterfeits disdain :

In Symon, Glaud, and a' the rest,
 The very faul of wit's confest.

But, faith, let folks jodge for themself,
 We hope to please, farewell, farewell.

F I N I S.



THE

LAST SPEECH

OF A

WRETCHED MISER.

BY

ALLAN RAMSAY.

*O Dool! and am I forc'd to die,
And nae mair my dear siller see,
That glanc'd sae sweetly in mine ee!
It breaks my heart.
My gowd! my bands! alackanie!
That we shou'd part.*

GLASGOW:

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THE
LAST SPEECH
OF A
WRETCHED MISER.



I.

O Dool! and am I forc'd to die,
And nae mair my dear filler see,
That glanc'd fae sweetly in mine ee!
It breaks my heart:
My gowd! my hands! alackanie!
That we shou'd part.

II.

Fer you I labour'd night and day,
Fer you I did my friends betray,
For you on stinking caff I lay,
And blankets thin;
And for your sake fed mony a flea
Upon my skin.

III.

Like Tantalus I lang have stood
Chin deep into a filler flood;
Yet ne'er was able for my blood,
But pain and strife,
To ware ae drap on claiths or food,
To cherish life.

IV.

Or like the wiffen'd beardless wights,
 Wha herd the wives of eastern knights,
 Yet ne'er enjoy the faft delights
 Of lasses bony;
 Thus did I watch lang days and nights
 My lovely money.

V.

Although my annual rents cou'd feed
 Thrice forty fouk that stood in need,
 I grudg'd mysell my daily bread:
 And if frae hame,
 My pouch produc'd an ingan head,
 To please my wame.

VI.

To keep you cosie in a hoord,
 This hunger I with ease endur'd;
 And never dought ae doit afford
 To ane of skill,
 Wha for a doller might have cur'd
 Me of this ill.

VII.

I never wore my claiths with brushing,
 Nor wrung away my farks with washing;
 Nor ever sat in taverns dashing
 Away my coin,
 'To find out wit or mirth by clashing
 O'er dearthfu' wine.

VIII.

Abiet my pow was bald and bare,
 I wore nae frizzl'd limmer's hair,
 Which takes of flower to keep it fair,
 Frae reest'ing free,
 As meikle as wad dine and mair
 The like of me.

IX.

Nor kept I servants, tales to tell,
 But toom'd my coodies a' mysell;
 To hain in candle I had a spell
 Baith cheap and bright,
 A fish-head, when it 'gins to smell,
 Gives curious light.

X.

What reason can I shaw, quo' ye,
 To save and starve, to cheat and lie,
 To live a beggar, and to die
 Sae rich in coin?
 That's mair than can be gi'en by me,
 Though Belzie join.

XI.

Some said my looks were groff and fowr,
 Fretfu', drumbly, dull and dour;
 I own it was na in my power,
 My fears to ding;
 Wherefore I never cou'd endure
 To laugh or sing.

XII.

I ever hated bookish reading,
 And musical or dancing breeding,
 And what's in either face or cleading,
 Of painted things;
 I thought nae pictures worth the heeding.
 — Except the king's.

XIII.

Now of a' them the yeard e'er bure,
 I never rhymers cou'd endure,
 They're sic a sneering pack, and poor,
 I hate to ken 'em;
 For 'gainst us thrifty fauls they're sure
 To spit their venom.

XIV.

But waster wives, the warst of a;
 Without a yeuk they gar ane claw,
 When wickedly they bid us draw
 Our filler spungs,
 For this and that, to make them braw,
 And lay their tongues.

XV.

Some loo the courts, some loo the kirks,
 Some loo to keep their skins frae lirks;
 Some loo to woo beneath the birks
 Their lemans bony;
 For me, I took them a' for stirks
 That loo'd na money.

XVI.

They ca'd me slave to usury,
 Squeeze, cleave the hair, and peel the flea,
 Clek, flae the flint, and penury,
 And faulefs wretch;
 But that ne'er skaith'd or troubled me,
 Gin I grew rich.

XVII.

On profit a' my thoughts were bent,
 And mony thousands have I lent,
 But sickerly I took good tent,
 That double pawns
 With a cudeigh, and ten *per Cent*
 Lay in my hands.

XVIII.

When borrow'rs brak the pawns were rug
 Rings, beads of pearl, or filler jug.
 I fald them aff, ne'er fash'd my lug,
 With girns or curses,
 The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug
 My fwelling purfes.

XIX.

Sometimes I'd sigh, and ape a faint,
 And with a lang rat-rhime of cant,
 Wad make a mane for them in want;
 But for ought mair,
 I never was the fool to grant
 Them ony skair.

XX.

I thought ane freely might pronounce
 That chiel a very filly dunce,
 That cou'd not honestly renounce,
 With ease and joys,
 At ony time, to win an ounce
 Of yellow boys.

XXI.

When young I some remorse did feel,
 And liv'd in terror of the deel,
 His furnace, whips, and racking wheel;
 But by degrees,
 My conscience grown as hard as steel,
 Gave me some ease.

XXII.

But fears of want and carking care
 To save my stock—and thrift for mair,
 By night and day oppress me fair,
 And turn'd my head;
 While friends appear'd like harpies gare,
 That wish'd me dead.

XXIII.

For fear of thieves I aft lay waking
 The live-lang night till day was breaking,
 Syne throu' my sleep, with heart fair aiking
 I've aften started,
 'Thinking I heard my windows cracking,
 When Elspa farted.

XXIV.

O gear! I held ye lang thegither;
 For you I starv'd my good auld mither,
 And to Virginia fald my brither,
 And crush'd my wife;
 But now I'm gawn I kenna whither,
 To leave my life.

XXV.

My life! my god! my spirit yearns,
 Not on my kindred, wife, or bairns,
 Sic are but very laigh concerns,
 Compar'd with thee!
 When now this mortal rattle warns
 Me, I maun die.



XXVI.

It to my heart gaes like a gun,
 'To see my kin and graceless son,
 Like rooks already are begun
 To thumb my gear,
 And cash that has na seen the sun
 This fifty year.

XXVII.

Oh! oh! that spendthrift son of mine,
 Wha can on roasted moorfowl dine,
 And like dub-water skink the wine,
 And dance and sing;
 He'll soon gar my dear darlings dwine
 Down to naething.

XXVIII.

To that same place, where e'er I gang,
 O cou'd I bear my wealth alang!
 Nae heir shou'd e'er ae farthing fang,
 That thus carouses,
 Though they shou'd a' on woodies hang,
 For breaking houses.

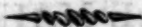
XXIX.

Perdition! Sathan! is that you!
 I sink!—am dizzy!—Candle blue,
Wi that be never mair play'd pew,
 But with a rair,
Away his wretched spirit flew,
 It maksna where.

F I N I S.

I HAD A HORSE, AND HAD NAE MAIR:

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.



To which are added,
A SCOTS SONG,

BY ROBERT BURNS,
THE AYRSHIRE POET.



NORAH:

A FAVOURITE SONG.



AND
VERSES
DESCRIPTIVE OF EVENING.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
Brash & Reid.

I HAD A HORSE, AND HAD
NAE MAIR:



A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

I.

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy;
My purse was light, and my heart was fair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.

And fae I thought upon a wife,
Outwittens o' my daddy,
To fee mysell to a lowland laird,
Who had a honny lady.

II.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care not tho' ye kend it.

For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blythly be the man
Would strive to please my lady.

III.

She read my letter, and she leuch,
Ye needna been sae blate, man ;
You might hae come to me yoursell,
And tald me o' your state, man.

You might hae come to me yoursell,
Outwittens of your daddy,
And made *John Gouckston* of the laird,
And kifs'd his bonny lady.

IV.

Then she pat filler in my purse,
We drank wine in a cogie ;
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And wow but I was vogie.

But I gat ne'er sae fair a fleg
Since I came frae my daddy,
The laird came rap rap to the yate,
When I was wi' his lady.

V.

Then she pat me below a chair,
And happ'd me wi' a plaidie ;
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddy.

The laird went out, he saw na me,
I went when I was ready :
I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
To see his bonny lady.

SCOTS SONG,
BY ROBERT BURNS,

THE AYRSHIRE POET.

Tune—*I had a borse, I had nae mair.*

I.

Now westlin winds, and slaughter ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather:

Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer;
The moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The Plover loves the mountains;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring Hern the fountains:

Thro' lofty groves the Cushtat roves
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender :
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander :

Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

IV.

But Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming Swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow :

Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly :

Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer !

NORAH:

A FAVOURITE SONG FROM THE POOR SOLDIER.

Tune—" *Humours of Glen.*"

I.

THO' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
Its clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,
Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of sweet flowers,
Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids:

II.

As each his own village must still think the most of,
In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong;
Dear Carton! containing what kingdoms may boast of;
'Tis Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my song.

III.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,
Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare;
Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair:

IV.

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
For gold or for acres he never shall long;
One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
From Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my song.

(2)

V E R S E S
D E S C R I P T I V E O F
E V E N I N G.

I.

As the ploughman homeward goes,
Plodding to the hamlet bound,
Giant-like his shadow grows,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

II.

The steer along the meadow strays,
Now the furrow'd task is done ;
And the village windows blaze,
Glist'ning to the setting sun.

III.

Mark him from behind the hill,
Streak the purple painted sky ;
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye ?

IV.

Where the rising forest spreads
Round the time decaying dome;
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home !

V.

As the lark with vary'd tune,
Carols to the ev'ning loud,
Mark the mild, resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud !

VI.

Tripping through the filken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
See the rose-complexion'd lass
With the well-pois'd milking pail.

VII.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckow bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.



THE
TOOTH-ACHE:

A POEM.

BY ROBERT BURNS,
THE AYRSHIRE POET.

YE BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNIE DOON:

A SONG.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

ANOTHER SONG,

TO THE SAME TUNE.

AND
THE WASHING DAY:

A POEM.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS,
THE AYRSHIRE POET,

AT A TIME WHEN HE WAS GRIEVOUSLY TORMENTED
BY THAT DISORDER.



I.

My curse on your envenom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang,
And thro' my lugs gies mony a bang
 Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves with bitter twang,
 Like racking engines.

II.

A' down my beard the flavers trickle,
I cast the wee floos o'er the meikle,
While round the fire the hav'rels keckle
 To see me loup,
I curse and bann, and wish a heckle,
 Were in their doup.

III.

Whan fevers burn or agues freeze us,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colics squeeze us,
Our neighbours-sympathize to ease us
 Wi' pitying moan;
But thou—the hell of a' diseases,
 They mock our groan.

IV.

Of a' the num'rous human dools,
 Ill haer'fts, daft bargains, *catty stools*,
 Or worthy friends laid i' the mools,
 Sad light to see!
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thou bear'ft the gree.

V.

Whare'er that place be, priests ca' hell,
 Whare a' the tones o' mis'ry's yell,
 And plagues in ranked number tell
 In deadly raw,
 Thou, *Tooth-ache*, surely bear'ft the bell
 Aboon them a'!

VI.

O! thou grim mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes of discord squeel,
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel,
 In gore a shoe-thick,
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A TOWMOND'S TOOTH-ACHE.



S O N G.

BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNIE DOON.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

I.

YE banks and braes of bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?
How can your blue stream row so clear,
When I'm fae wearie fu' o' care?

Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That wanton on the flowery thorn,
Ye mind me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

II.

Aft have I stray'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
Whar ilka bird sang of it's luve,
And fae did I wi' glee of mine.

With heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,
The sweetest on it's thorny tree,
But my fause luve has stown the rose,
And, oh, he's left the thorn wi' me!

SONG.

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY FROM THE
COUNTRY,
WHOSE PARENTS ARE HELD IN UNIVERSAL ESTIMATION.

Tune—"Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon."

I.

FAIR modest flower, of matchless worth !
Thou sweet, enticing, bonnie gem,
Blest is the soil that gave thee birth,
And blest thine honour'd parent stem.

But doubly blest, shall be the youth
To whom thy heaving bosom warms ;
Possess of beauty, love, and truth,
He'll clasp an ANGEL in his arms.

II.

Tho' storms of life were blowing snell,
And on his brow sat brooding care,
Thy seraph-smile would quick dispel
The darkest gloom of black despair.

Sure Heaven hath granted thee to us,
And chose thee from the dwellers there,
And sent thee from celestial bliss,
To shew what ALL THE VIRTUES are.

WASHING-DAY.

——— *and their voice*
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in its sound ———

THE Muses are turned gossips ; they have lost
The buskin'd step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come, then, domestic Muse,
In slip-shod measure loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face ;
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded *Washing-Day*.

—Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon ; for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort ; e'er the first grey streak of dawn,
The red-arm'd washers come and chase repose.

Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day ; the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour, an unwonted guest.

The silent breakfast-meal is soon dispatch'd
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.

From that last evil, oh preserve us, heavens !

For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
 Remains of quiet ; then expect to hear
 Of sad disasters—dirt and gravel flains
 Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
 Snapped short—and linen-horse by dog thrown down,
 And all the petty miseries of life.

Saints have been calm while stretched upon the rack,
 And Montezuma smil'd on burning coals ;
 But never yet did housewife notable,
 Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.



—But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
 Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
 Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
 Or usual 'tendance; ask not, indiscreet,
 Thy stockings mended, tho' the yawning rents
 Gape wide as Erebus, nor hope to find
 Some snug recess impervious ; should'st thou try
 The custom'd garden walks, thine eye shall rue
 The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
 Myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weight
 Of coarse check'd apron, with impatient hand
 Twitch'd off when showers impend : or crossing lines
 Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
 Flaps in thy face abrupt. Wo to the friend
 Whose evil stars have urg'd him forth to claim
 On such a day the hospitable rites ;
 Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy,
 Shall he receive ; vainly he feels his hopes
 With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
 Or tart or pudding:—pudding he nor tart
 That day shall eat ; nor, tho' the husband try,
 Mending what can't be help'd, to kindle mirth
 From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
 Clear up propitious ; the unlucky guest

In silence dines, and early flinks away.

I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me ; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, look'd cross, and drove me from
them ;
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgencies ; jelly or creams,
Relique of costly suppers, and set by
For me their petted one ; or butter'd toast,
When butter was forbid ; or thrilling tale
Of ghost, or witch, or murder—so I went
And shelter'd me beside the parlour fire,
There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm,
Anxiously fond, tho' oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravell'd stocking, might have four'd
One less indulgent. —

At intervals my mother's voice was heard,
Urging dispatch ; briskly the work went on,
All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.

Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
Why washings were. Sometimes thro' hollow bole
Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles, little dreaming then
To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant thro' the clouds—so near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.

Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath it's bubbles,
And verse is one of them——this most of all.

F I N I S.

THE
HAR'ST KIRN:

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

Cunningham
— *E* (T. m.)

And now sin labor has secur'd wherewith
To flap the wame when winter gowls tharout,
Our auld gudeman has pledg'd his sacred aith,
That he'll hae a' the neibours round about,
Baith young and auld, ca'd in, an' hae a meery bout.

Annexed is

A SONG,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Brash & Reid.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE design of the following Poem is to describe the manner in which the peasantry of Scotland observe the annual feast generally given by the Farmers at the conclusion of the Harvest, known by the name of the KIRN.



THE HAR'ST KIRN.

A P O E M.

I.

THE haughs o' a' their yellow locks are cou'd,
Bauld Boreas blaws wi' nippin norland breath;
Tween neuk and neuk slackyards are geily stow'd,
Wi ricks weel happit up frae comein' skaith.

And now fin labor has secur'd wherewith
To stap the wame when winter yowls thereout,
Our auld gudeman has pledg'd his sacred aith,
That he'll ha'e a' the neibours roun' about,
Baith young and auld, ca'd in, an' hae a merry bout.

II.

Frae yont the burn auld Symon, dais'd wi eild,
Comes, loutin' fair, out our his aiken kent;
An' John, wha wins aboon the hazelie beild,
As fast's he dou, comes steppin owre the bent.

Wi' twa three mae douce fouk, wha now present
Themsel' among the younkers in the ha',
Syne to the barn wi' meikle merriment,
When things are a' set right, they gang awa,
An' roun' the claith-clad boord sit down baith yin an' a'.

III.

Our auld gudeman fou doucelly taks his seat
 At the boord-head, an' syne a bleffin' gies;
 That done, he bids the bashfou' no be blate,
 But just win to, an' connaugh what they please.

Sax gude sheep heads, sung i' the smiddie bleeze.
 A muckle haggis weel worth a' that's there,
 An' monie a whang, ston'd frae the gude auld cheese,
 Wi' routh o' sic' like hamely countra' fare,
 Staps a' their warnes fae fou, that they dou haud nae
 mair.

IV.

Now furls are sittet an' bethankit's said,
 In wi' a staebirin' step comes fiddler Pate,
 Wha yont the auld aik kipple staps his plaid,
 Syne i' the neuk compos'dly taks his seat.

Tam pous up Tibbie, Will his winsome Kate,
 An' Rab his Peggie, wi' sonae twa three mae;
 Syne owre the floor reel at an unco rate,
 While Patie plays O'er Bogie we will gae,
 Or, Fy gaur rub her weel wi' wusps o' clean ait strae.

V.

The canty crackin' carlins i' the neuk
 Tell owre auld warl' tales wi' meikle glee;
 The auld arm chair hauds Symon's aged buik,
 Wha i' the bowie maks the spiritual brie:

Syne i' the noggins wi' a ladle he,
 Pours forth wi' lib'ral hand the inspiring soup,
 Round gangs the bickers for ilk ane to prie,
 Till Burnie wins fae fou he's tint a hope
 O' ever wunnen mair up aff his scouer'd doup.

VI.

Waes me, poor Wattie's unco fair beset;
 Jock Tamson's kaitlin' wi' his dautit Jean;
 An' he poor filly fool, has taen the pet,
 Because on him she winna fling her een.

Come play up, Wat ye wha I saw yestreen,
 Crys Jock, an' syne wi' Jean jumps to the floor,
 While wae'fou' Wattie, no weel pleas'd I ween,
 To see his joe, wyld wi' a rival's lure,
 Throu' spite is hameward gane awa' out o'er the moon.

VII.

But wha can yon be sitten near the mou,
 Among the shakeit frae weel out o' sight?
 Aye, Rab, ye wylie loun, I see its you,
 Wi' Peggie i' your oxters claspit tight:

O dinna' for Nell's gowd, sic beauty slight,
 Nor wi' fause love sic innocence betray,
 For weel I wat ye are the winsome wight,
 She fain wad share her joys an' sorrows wi',
 Tho' she has got a bode frae Jock an' monie mae.

VIII.

Arous'd by the big punch bowie's pour,
 The canty auld fock, in a merry mood,
 Hae yin and a' gat up to fit the floor,
 And wag their legs among the junior brood.

Come, see the fiddle-strings are a' weel screw'd,
 Crys John, an' gie's the cantiest spring ye have;
 Auld aunty Margat's youth is maist renew'd,
 When shaking her auld shanks among the lave,
 Tho' her tae fit amais't is i' the dowie grave.

IX.

The floor i' now is just a hotchin' thrang,
 Baith young an' auld are in a merry key;
 Rab's pou'd up Symon wi' an unco bang,
 For his auld warld fling he lang to see.

Pour Leefie loupin' roun' right merrilie,
 Ran foul o' that misleat'd vile fallow Stein,
 Wha tulyeing fair her bonny mou to prie,
 Out o' her cotties pou'd the muckle preen,
 Whilk keeps some things fou snug that dounna weel be
 seen.

X.

But whist, my muse, Pate's fiddle scarce dou squeel;
 Think ye the straught up stentin stiek is fawn;
 N', Na', wi' him the maut's aboon the meal,
 For trouth he sat owre near our auld gudeman.

Foul fa' the filthy loon, that I should bann,
 See how he's speuing yont the muckle stool,
 It maks na' tho' he i' the burn was thrawn,
 Out our the lugs, the wearie heat to cool,
 Whilk scouders a' the ucc frae aff his glewin' hool.

XI.

The smith's fae' fou he dou but gape an' glour,
 An' yet to toom his cog he maks a fen;
 Auld Pattie, too, is fairly coupit o'er,
 And scarce wi' drink can wag his finger en'.

In troth, quoth Roger of the brechan glen,
 It's time we were gaun hame baith yin and a';
 Content, quo' Rab, ilk yin wale out his hen;
 Sae he wi' his ain Meg is gaen awa'
 To see her safely through the bogle-haunted shaw.

XII.

The gleeſome fiddle is na' heard to bum,
 For Pate's ſae fou he canna wald the bow;
 Sae a' the yonkers wearied, flockin' come,
 Out at the door each wi' his laſs in tow.

Jock's gaen wi' Jean awa out o'er the know;
 Stein's got his plaid, an's oxterin' Jenny hame;
 An' Will wi' Kate's gaen throu' the goblin howe,
 While the auld carles wi' ſuncat rax their wame,
 Ben i' the cozie ſpence, wi' our gudeman and dame.

Dumfries.

T. CUNNINGHAM.

SONG,

*Addressed to a Young Lady who was heard reflect
 on the commonneſs of her name JENNY, and
 that ſhe had no Fortune.*

Tune—" *Roslin Caſtle*."

I.

OBJECT not to thy humble name,
 It charms the ear of ſwains of ſenſe;
 Nor yet dame Fortune ever blame,
 That thou ſhould'ſt want poor ſordid pence.

Thou JESS, art as the jeſſamine,
 Unconſcious of the ſcent it throws;
 And thy meek modeſty divine,
 Far, far excels the bluſhing roſe.

II.

Thy manners easy, void of guile,
 Must all our harsher thoughts controul;
 Thy gentle and bewitching smile
 Enchants at once, and wins the soul.

From thee each dart of Cupid flies,
 And penetrates with magic thrill,
 Shot from thy glossy jet black eyes,
 They must an host of lovers kill.

III.

Sweet bud of native excellence,
 Altho' unknown 'mong high-born names,
 These humble lines have no pretence
 To praise thee half thy merit claims.

May Heav'n its choicest blessings shower,
 Descending as refreshing dew
 On thee, as meek and mild a flower
 As e'er in Caledonia grew.

Glasgow, 1798.

W. R.

